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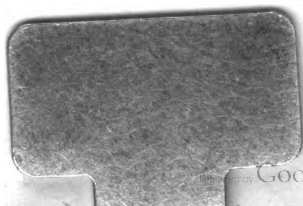


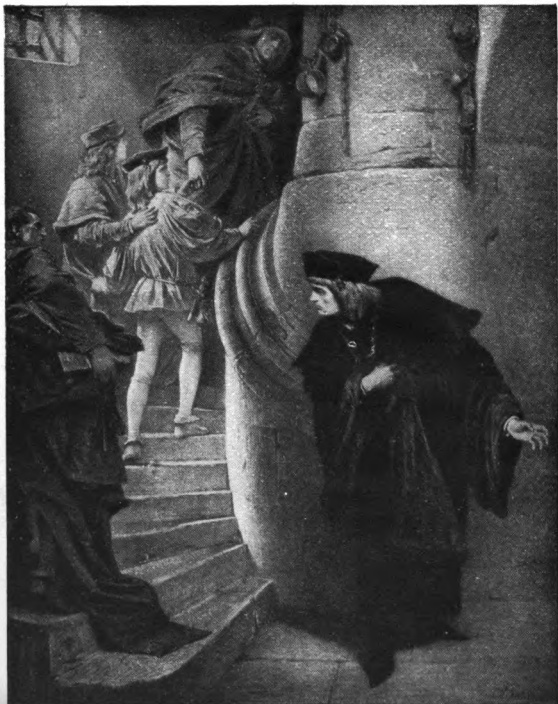
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SHAKESPEARE'S
RICHARD III



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The Princes in the Tower.

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SHAKESPEARE'S KING RICHARD III.

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND
EXAMINATION PAPERS

(SELECTED)

BY

BRAINERD KELLOGG, LL.D.

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Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, and one of the
authors of Reed and Kellogg's Language Series*

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SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,
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—
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

KC6490
KING HENRY V.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

KING LEAR.

MACBETH.

TEMPEST.

HAMLET.

KING HENRY VIII.

KING HENRY IV. (Part I.)

KING RICHARD III.

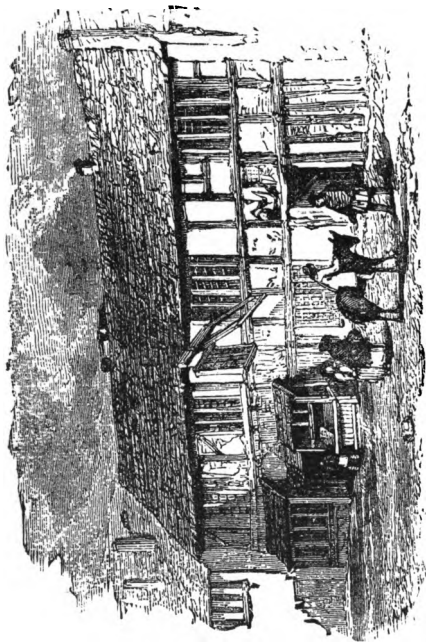
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement, those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

Professor Meiklejohn's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used ; and his plan, as set forth in the "General Notice" annexed, has been carried out in these volumes. But as these plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearian scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of whatever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it. The notes of other English editors have been freely incorporated.

B. K.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

From a Drawing by J. W. Archer.

GENERAL NOTICE.

"AN attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed ; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

"The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course the full working out of Shakespeare's meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested ; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one's own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of

thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

“ Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare's meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some Teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Assez n'y a, s'il trop n'y a*. The Teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

“ It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and

vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done ; he made it speak in a more original way ; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight.”—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A.,
Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.

Shakespeare's Grammar.

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes;' as a noun, 'the *backward* and abyssm of time;' or as an adjective, 'a *seldom* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or neuter [intrans.] verb can be used as an active [trans.] verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent;' or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*, *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; *shall* for *will*, *should* for *would*, *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after '*I ought*,' inserted after '*I durst*;' double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' &c.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which* [or *that*], *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all."—Dr. Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*.

Shakespeare's Versification.

Shakespeare's Plays are written mainly in what is known as *unrhimed*, or *blank-verse*; but they contain a number of riming, and a considerable number of prose, lines. As a general rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labor's Lost* contains nearly 1,100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking we lay a stress on particular syllables: this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *metrical* or *rhythmical*. Rhythm, or Metre, is an embellishment of language which, though it does not constitute poetry itself, yet provides it with a suitably elegant dress; and hence most modern poets have written in metre. In blank verse the lines consist usu-

eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented followed by an accented syllable, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure*; and the five together form a *pentameter*. "Pentameter" is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(a) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"*Me-thought | you said | you nei | ther lend | nor bor | row.*"

(b) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together.

"*Pluck' the | young suck' | ing cubs' | from the' | she bear'.*" |

(c) In such words as "yesterday," "voluntary," "honesty," the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *-ty* falling in the place of the accent, are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented.

"*Bars' me | the right' | of vol' - | un-ta' | ry choos' | ing.*"

(d) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only.

"*Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.*"

(e) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

"*He says | he does, | be-ing then | most flat | ter-ed.*"

(f) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the ends of lines, as was the earlier custom.

N. B.—In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), &c.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy), &c. Similarly, *she-on* (-tion or -sion).

It is very important to give the pupil plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

PLAN OF STUDY

FOR

“PERFECT POSSESSION.”

To attain to the standard of “Perfect Possession” the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the following parts of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure ; then to read it over again with his mind upon the characters and the plot ; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, etc.

With the help of this scheme he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play. (See page 197.)

1. The Plot and Story of the Play.

- (a) The general plot ;
- (b) The special incidents.

2. The Characters: Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.**3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.**

- (a) Relation of A to B and of B to A ;
- (b) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete Possession of the Language.

- (a) Meanings of words ;
- (b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning ;
- (c) Grammar ;
- (d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to Reproduce, or Quote.

- (a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion ;
- (b) What was said by A in reply to B ;
- (c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture ;
- (d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to Locate.

- (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion ;
- (b) To cap a line ;
- (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.

INTRODUCTION

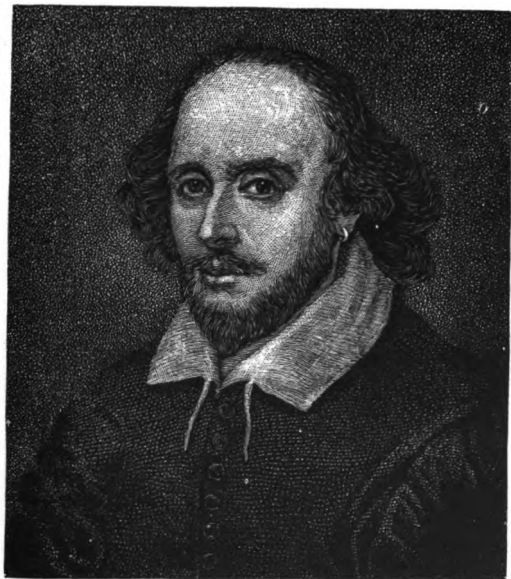
TO

KING RICHARD III

THE earliest known edition of the play is a quarto printed in 1597, under the title of *The Tragedy of King Richard the Third*. Subsequent editions, each printed from the one before it, appeared in 1598, 1602, 1605, 1612, 1622, 1629, and 1634. The folio text of 1623 contains a large number of minor readings which differ from the quartos, while several important passages are omitted, and others are inserted in their place. The play is, moreover, one of the worst printed in the folio; and the quartos, in many instances, supply the means of correcting the typographical errors. Which is on the whole the better text, and what is the relation of the one to the other are questions which have been much disputed, but will probably never be satisfactorily settled.

The subject had been put upon the stage before, a Latin drama, *Ricardus Tertius*, having been written by Dr. Legge, and performed previously to 1583; and an English tragedy, *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third*, having appeared in print in 1594.¹ The

¹ Both were printed for the Shakespeare Society, by Mr. Barron Field, in 1844.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

latter, Shakespeare may have seen ; but, if so, he used it but little. *Richard III.* is the great dramatist's first tragedy of undoubted personal authorship ; it is written in connection with *Henry VI.*, and appears as its direct continuation. The source of this, as of all Shakespeare's historical plays, is Holinshed's *Chronicle*, which is here largely taken from Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.* The dramatist, however, did not consider it his duty to follow the historian very closely. The play opens with the imprisonment of Clarence, in 1478, and the next scene goes back to the funeral of Henry VI., who died in May, 1471, seven years before. The startling scene between the Lady Anne and Richard over the dead body of the king—which even the genius of Shakespeare could not make natural or probable—is wholly imaginary. Queen Margaret is also brought upon the stage at a time when she was in strict confinement. Shakespeare has also added greatly to the years of his hero, as Richard, born at Fotheringay in October, 1462, was not quite thirty-three years when he fell fighting bravely and desperately on Bosworth Field. The description of his physical appearance is taken directly from the chroniclers, as well as the list of his atrocious crimes—ten in number. These are : the murder of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI. ; the murder of Henry himself ; the murder of Clarence ; the execution, at Pomfret, of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan ; the execution of Hastings : the murder of the young princes in the Tower ; and finally, the murder of his own queen and cousin, the Lady Anne

Neville, whom he had espoused in his twentieth year. Now, good Sir Thomas More and the diligent chronicler Holinshed wrote under the fear or favor of the jealous Tudor dynasty, with scanty historical materials, and with strong prejudices. Richard did not murder Prince Edward, who seems to have been slain at the battle of Tewkesbury. Henry VI. was found lifeless in the Tower, and it is highly probable that this weak and sickly monarch had sunk under the sudden shock of utter disaster. Clarence was most likely the victim of his elder brother's hatred and vengeance. He had disputed Edward's legitimacy, on the ground of their mother's alleged infidelity, and had been arraigned and condemned by both lords and commons, Edward himself appearing as an accuser. Hence the royal voluptuary had some motive to furnish the fatal butt of Malmsey, while Richard had no such pressing temptation. Richard, however, did put Hastings to death, his apology being that Hastings and the queen were conspiring both against his authority as protector and against his life. He also cut off Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, justified, as he thought, by reasons of state. Their deaths were necessary towards his own preservation, and the safety of the commonwealth and the old nobility. It is certain that Buckingham and other powerful nobles hated the queen's faction, and the nation witnessed their overthrow without regret. As to Richard's having murdered his own queen, the accusation is wholly unsupported by evidence: Richard was strongly attached to Anne, and had no

conceivable interest in her death. The murder of the young princes, however, must stand as a foul, ineffaceable blot on his character. Sir Thomas More's minute and consistent narrative, backed by the universal belief at the time, by the fact that Richard rewarded the men whom More names as the murderers, and by the subsequent defection of Buckingham and the other friends of Richard, leaves no room for reasonable doubt of his guilt. The act was a revolting breach of trust, a cruelty that outraged public feeling, and ultimately lost Richard both his crown and his life. But for this he would have been a popular and powerful monarch. During his short reign of two years, he exerted himself to reform the laws, to extend commerce, and to civilize Ireland. He encouraged architecture, and was a liberal patron of the gentle art of music. But, in order to secure his power, it appeared necessary that he should rid himself of his nephews; so long as they lived, he was in danger. They were, indeed, confined in the Tower, but the queen-dowager and a strong faction were busy devising schemes for their liberation; and the tyrant's plea, necessity, prevailed with the usurper over the dictates of humanity and the eternal laws of Nature and justice.

None of Shakespeare's dramas have been more popular than *Richard III.* There is great variety of action and bustle for the stage, and the play contains striking speeches and soliloquies—as the grand, exultant speech of Richard at the commencement, Clarence's dream, Tyrrel's account of the murder of

the princes, the dream of Richard, and his warlike address to his army. But the chief source of interest and attraction is unquestionably the *character* of Richard, compounded of such various qualities, and so striking in all. All the other characters are subordinated to this central figure, and within himself all other qualities of mind are subordinated to ambition. This is quite in the manner of Marlowe, whose characteristic it was to embody in a character, and realize with terrific force, the workings of a single passion. Thus, in *Tamburlane*, he personified the lust of dominion; in *Faustus*, the lust of forbidden power and knowledge; in *The Jew of Malta*, the lust of wealth and blood. Similarly, Shakespeare has risked his whole play on the success of one figure; but what a tremendous reality this demonic figure has become! The matchless usurper is equally successful in personating the saint and the sinner, the statesman and the soldier, the lover, the hypocrite, and the wit. His plastic and commanding intellect carries him through all, and even at the worst saves him from detestation. When the great, final struggle comes, and he is on his last battle-field, deserted by his chief followers, and haunted by ghastly dreams and specters—the avengers of his crimes—his native hardihood and bravery of soul burst forth, and, though defeated, he dies with the honors of a hero and a king. All great English actors—Burbage, Garrick, Cook, Kemble, and Edmund Kean—have tasked their utmost powers to personate Richard.

EXTRACTS

FROM

HALL AND HOLINSHED.

THE following extracts from Hall and Holinshed will show how closely Shakespeare followed the old chroniclers in writing this drama:

CHARACTER OF RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOSTER.

None evil captain was he in the war, as to which his disposition was more meetly than for peace. Sundry victories had he, and sometimes overthrows, but never on default, as for his own person, either of hardiness or politic order. Free was he called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal; with large gifts he got him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pill and spoil in other places, and got him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissembler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly companiable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill, despitious and cruel, not for evil will alway, bu

oftener for ambition, and either for the surety or increase of his estate. Friend and foe was muchwhat indifferent, where his advantage grew ; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew with his own hands King Henry VI., being prisoner in the Tower, as men constantly said, and that without commandment or knowledge of the king, which would undoubtedly, if he had intended that thing, have appointed that butcherly office to some other than his own born brother. Some wise men also ween, that his drift, covertly conveyed, lacked not in helping forth his brother of Clarence to his death, which he resisted openly, howbeit somewhat (as men deemed) more faintly than he that were heartily minded to his wealth. And they that thus deem, think that he long time in King Edward's life forethought to be king, in case that the king his brother (whose life he looked that evil diet should shorten) should happen to decease (as indeed he did) while his children were young. And they deem that for this intent he was glad of his brother's death, the Duke of Clarence, whose life must needs have hindered him so intending, whether the same Duke of Clarence had kept him true to his nephew, the young king, or enterprised to be king himself. But of all this point is there no certainty ; and whoso divineth upon conjectures, may as well shoot too far as too short.

ON TAKING SANCTUARY.

Where a man, quoth the Duke of Buckingham, is by lawful means in peril, there needeth he the tuition

of some special privilege, which is the only ground and cause of all sanctuaries; from which necessity this noble prince is far, whose love to his king, nature, and kindred proveth; whose innocency to all the world his tender youth proveth; and so sanctuary as for him neither none he needeth, nor also none can have. Men come not to sanctuary as they come to baptism, to require it by their godfathers; he must ask it himself that must have it; and reason, sithe no man hath cause to have it but whose conscience of his own fault maketh him fain need to require it. What will then hath yonder babe, which if he had discretion to require it, if need were, I daresay would now be right angry with them that keep him there. And if nobody may be taken out of sanctuary that sayeth that he will bide there, then if a child will take sanctuary because he feareth to go to school, his master must let him alone. And as simple as that sample is, yet is there less reason in our case than in that, for therein, though it be a childish fear, yet is there at the leastwise some fear, and herein is there none at all. And verily, I have often heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard erst of sanctuary children; and therefore, as for the conclusion of my mind, whoso may have deserved to need it, if they think it for their surety, let them keep it. But he can be no sanctuary man that neither hath wisdom to desire it, nor malice to deserve it. And he that taketh one out of sanctuary to do him good, I say plainly that he breaketh no sanctuary.

LORD HASTINGS. (See Act III. Scene 2.)

A marvellous case it is to hear either the warnings that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the next night before his [Hastings'] death, the Lord Stanley sent to him a trusty messenger at midnight, in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterly no longer for to abide, for he had a fearful dream, in the which him thought that a boar with his tusks so rased them both by the heads, that the blood ran about both their shoulders; and, for as much as the protector gave the boar for his cognizance, he imagined that it should be he. This dream made such a fearful impression in his heart that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready, if the Lord Hastings would go with him, so that they would ride so far that night that they should be out of danger by the next day. Ah! good lord, quoth the Lord Hastings to the messenger, leaneth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreams, which either his own fear phantasieth, or do rise in the night's rest by reason of the day's thought? Tell him it is plain witchcraft to believe in such dreams, which if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might as likely make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought back (as friends fail fliers); for then had the boar a cause likely to rase us with his tusks, as folks that fled for some falsehood. Wherefore, either is there peril or none is there indeed; or, if any be, it is rather

in going than abiding. And if we should needs fall in peril one way or other, yet had I liefer that men should say it were by other men's falsehood than think it were either our own fault or faint, feeble heart; and therefore go to thy master, and commend me to him, and say that I pray him to be merry and have no fear, for I assure him I am as sure of the man he wotteth of as I am sure of mine own hand. God send grace, quoth the messenger, and so departed. Certain it is also that in riding toward the Tower, the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse that he was accustomed to ride on stumbled with him twice or thrice almost to the falling; which thing, although it happeth to them daily to whom no mischance is toward, yet hath it been, as an old, evil token, observed as a going toward mischief. Now this that followeth was no warning but an envious scorn. The same morning, ere he was up from his bed, there came to him Sir Thomas Haward, son to the Lord Haward (which lord was one of the priviest of the lord protector's council and doing), as it were of courtesy to accompany him to the council, but of truth sent by the lord protector to haste him hitherward.

This Sir Thomas, while the Lord Hastings staid a while communing with a priest whom he met in the Tower Street, brake the lord's tale, saying to him merely, What, my lord! I pray you come on; wherefore talk you so long with that priest? you have no need of a priest yet; and laughed upon him, as though he would say, You shall have need of one

soon. But little wist the other what he meant (but or [ere] night these words were well remembered by them that heard them); so the true Lord Hastings little mistrusted, and was never merrier, nor thought his life in more surety in all his days, which thing is often a sign of change; but I shall rather let anything pass me than the vain surety of man's mind so near his death; for upon the very Tower wharf, so near the place where his head was off so soon after as a man might well cast a ball, a pursuivant of his own, called Hastings, met with him, and of their meeting in that place he was put in remembrance of another time in which it happened them [to] meet before together in the place, at which time the Lord Hastings had been accused to King Edward by the Lord Rivers, the queen's brother, insomuch that he was for a while, which lasted not long, highly in the king's indignation. As he now met the same pursuivant in the same place, the jeopardy so well passed, it gave him great pleasure to talk with him thereof with whom he had talked in the same place of that matter, and therefore he said, Ah, Hastings, art thou remembered when I met thee here once with an heavy heart? Yea, my lord, quoth he, that I remember well, and thanked be God they gat no good nor you no harm thereby. Thou wouldst say so, quoth he, if thou knewest so much as I do, which few know yet, and more shall shortly. That meant he, that the Earl Rivers and the Lord Richard and Sir Thomas Vaughan should that day be beheaded at Pomfret, as they were indeed; which act he wist well should

be done, but nothing ware that the axe hung so near his own head. In faith man, quoth he, I was never so sorry, nor never stood in so great danger of my life, as I did when thou and I met here; and lo! the world is turned now; now stand mine enemies in the danger, as thou mayest hap to hear more hereafter, and I never in my life merrier, nor never in so great surety.

DEATH OF HASTINGS.

Many lords assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honourable solemnity of the king's coronation, of which the time appointed then so near approached that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much victuals killed therefore that afterwards was cast away. These lords so sitting together, communing of this matter, the protector came in amongst them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been a sleeper that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely: My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborne; I require you let us have a mess of them. Gladly, my lord, quoth he; would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that. And therewithal, in all the haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon praying them to spare him for

a little while departed thence. And soon after one hour, between ten and eleven, he returned into the chamber amongst them, all changed, with a wonderful sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning, and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so sat him down in his place; all the lords were much dismayed, and sore marvelled at this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail. Then when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the king, and protector of his royal person and his realm. At this question, all the lords sat sore astonied, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wist himself clear. Then the Lord Chamberlain, as he that for the love between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, That they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were. And all the others affirmed the same. That is, quoth he, yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her, meaning the queen. At these words many of the other lords were greatly abashed that favored her. But the Lord Hastings was in his mind better content that it was moved by her, than by any other whom he loved better. Albeit his heart somewhat grudged that he was not afore made of council in this matter, as he was of the taking of her kindred and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pontefract that selfsame day; in which he was not ware it was by other

devised that he himself should be beheaded the same day at London. Then said the protector: Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress, and that other witch of her council, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arm, where he showed a weerish, withered arm, and small, as it was never other. Hereupon every man's mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For they well wist that the queen was too wise to go about any such folly. And also if she would, yet would she, of all folk, least make Shore's wife of her council, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved. And also no man was there present but well knew that his arm was ever such since his birth. Natheless the Lord Chamberlain (which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saving, as it is said, that he a while forbore her of reverence towards the king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) answered and said: Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy of heinous punishment. What, quoth the protector, thou servest me I ween with *ifs* and with *ands*; I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor. And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap. At which token one cried treason without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in come

there, rushing, men in harness, as many as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, I arrest thee, traitor. What, me, my lord? quoth he. Yea, thee, traitor, quoth the protector. And another let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for, as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then were they all quickly bestowed in divers chambers, except the Lord Chamberlain whom the protector bade speed and shrive him a pace, for by Saint Paul, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I see thy head off. It booted him not ask why, but heavily took a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to until this were done, for saving of his oath. So he was brought forth to the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off, and afterward his body with the head interred at Windsor beside the body of King Edward, both whose souls our Lord pardon.

CONDUCT OF GLOSTER AND BUCKINGHAM.

Now flew the fame of this lord's death through the city and farther about, like the wind in every man's ear; but the protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all haste for many substantial men out of the city into

the Tower, and at their coming himself with the Duke of Buckingham stood harnessed in old evil-favoured briganders, such as no man would ween that they would have vouchsafed to have put on their backs, except some sudden necessity had constrained them. Then the lord protector showed them that the Lord Hastings and other of his conspiracy had contrived to have suddenly destroyed him and the Duke of Buckingham there the same day in counsel, and what they intended farther was yet not well known; of which their treason, he had never knowledge before ten of the clock the same forenoon, which sudden fear drave them to put on such harness as came next to their hands for their defence, and so God help them ! that the mischief turned upon them that would have done it; and thus he required them to report. Every man answered fair, as though no man mistrusted the matter, which of truth no man believed.

PROPOSED MARRIAGE WITH THE
PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

There came into his ungracious mind a thing not only detestable to be spoken of in the remembrance of man but much more cruel and abominable to be put in execution; for, when he resolved in his wavering mind how great a fountain of mischief toward him should spring if the Earl of Richmond should be advanced to the marriage of his neice, (which thing he heard say by the rumour of the people that no small number of wise and witty personages enter-

prised to compass and bring to conclusion), he clearly determined to reconcile to his favour his brother's wife, Queen Elizabeth, either by fair words or liberal promises, firmly believing, her favour once obtained, that she would not stick to commit and lovingly credit to him the rule and governance both of her and her daughters; and so by that means the Earl of Richmond of the affinity of his neice should be utterly defrauded and beguiled. And if no ingenious remedy could be otherwise invented to save the innumerable mischiefs which were even at hand and like to fall, if it should happen Queen Anne his wife to depart out of this present world, then he himself would rather take to wife his cousin and neice, the Lady Elizabeth, than for lack of that affinity the whole realm should run to ruin; as who said, that if he once fell from his estate and dignity, the ruin of the realm must needs shortly ensue and follow. Wherefore he sent to the queen, being in sanctuary, divers and often messages, which first should excuse and purge him of all things before against her attempted or procured, and after should so largely promise promotions innumerable and benefits, not only to her, but also to her son, Lord Thomas Marquis of Dorset, that they should bring her, if it were possible, into some wan-hope, or, as some men say, into a fool's paradise. The messengers, being men both of wit and gravity, so persuaded the queen with great and pregnant reasons, then with fair and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent and to give to them no deaf ear, insomuch that she faithfully promised to

submit and yield herself fully and frankly to the king's will and pleasure.

BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD.

In the mean season King Richard (which was appointed now to finish his last labour by the very divine justice and providence of God, which called him to condign punishment for his scelerate merits and mischievous deserts) marched to a place meet for two battles to encounter, by a village called Bosworth, not far from Leicester, and there he pitched his field, refreshed his soldiers, and took his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and hauled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly strake his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many dreadful and busy imaginations; for incontinent after, his heart being also damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and of countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle. And, lest that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends in the morning his wonderful vision and terrible dream.

Between both armies there was a great morass, which the Earl of Richmond left on his right hand

for this intent, that it should be on that side a defence for his part; and in so doing he had the sun at his back and in the face of his enemies. When King Richard saw the earl's company was passed the morass, he commanded with all haste to set upon them; then the trumpets blew and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows: the earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again. The terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to hand-strokes, where neither sword nor bill was spared: at which encounter the Lord Stanley joined with the earl. The Earl of Oxford in the mean season, fearing lest while his company was fighting they should be compassed and circumvented with the multitude of his enemies, gave commandment in every rank that no man should be so hardy as to go above ten foot from the standard; which commandment once known, they knit themselves together, and ceased a little from fighting. The adversaries, suddenly abashed at the matter, and mistrusting some fraud or deceit, began also to pause, and left striking, and not against the wills of many, which had liefer had the king destroyed than saved, and therefore they fought very faintly or stood still. The Earl of Oxford, bringing all his band together on the one part, set on his enemies freshly. Again, the adversaries perceiving that, placed their men slender and thin before, and thick and broad behind, beginning again hardily the battle. While the two forwards thus mortally fought, each intending to vanquish and convince the other, King Richard was

admonished by his explorators and espials that the Earl of Richmond, accompanied with a small number of men of arms, was not far off; and, as he approached and marched toward him, he perfectly knew his personage by certain demonstrations and tokens which he had learnt and known of other; and, being inflamed with ire and vexed with outrageous malice, he put his spurs to his horse and rode out of the side of the range of his battle, leaving the avant-gardes fighting, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest toward him. The Earl of Richmond perceived well the king furiously coming toward him, and, by cause the whole hope of his wealth and purpose was to be determined by battle, he gladly proffered to encounter with him body to body and man to man. King Richard set on so sharply at the first brunt that he overthrew the earl's standard and slew Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer (which was father to Sir Charles Brandon, by King Henry the Eighth created Duke of Suffolk), and matched hand to hand with Sir John Cheinye, a man of great force and strength, which would have resisted him, and the said John was by him manfully overthrown, and so he making open passage by dint of sword as he went forward, the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence and kept him at the sword's point without advantage longer than his companions other thought or judged; which, being almost in despair of victory, were suddenly recomforted by Sir William Stanley, which came to succours with three thousand tall men, at which very instant King Richard's men were

driven back and fled, and he himself, manfully fighting in the middle of his enemies, was slain and brought to his death as he worthily had deserved.

Of the nobility were slain John Duke of Norfolk, which was warned by divers to refrain from the field, insomuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king one wrote on his gate :

“Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, *afterwards King Edward V.*

RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, *son to the king.*

GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE, *brother to the king.*

RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOSTER, *brother to the king, and afterwards King Richard III.*

A Young Son of Clarence.

HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, *afterwards King Henry VII.*

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *bishop of Ely.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*

EARL RIVERS, *brother to King Edward's queen.*

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *her sons.*

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *lieutenant of the Tower.*

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a priest.*

Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *queen to King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *widow to King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to King Edward IV.,
Clarence, and Gloster.*

LADY ANNE, *widow to Edward, Prince of Wales, son
to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the
Duke of Gloster.*

A Young Daughter of Clarence.

*Lords, Attendants, Two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant,
Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers,
Soldiers, etc.*

SCENE—ENGLAND.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ; 5
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings ;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front ;
And now, instead of mounting barb'd steeds 10
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ; 15
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20
Into this breathing world scarce half made up,—
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;—

Why, I, in this weak, piping time of peace,
25 Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity :
And, therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
30 I am determinèd to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
35 In deadly hate the one against the other :
And, if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
40 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul :—here Clarence
comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good-day. What means this armèd guard
That waits upon your grace ?

Clarence.

His majesty,

Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed

45 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Gloster. Upon what cause ?

Clarence.

Because my name is George.

Gloster. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of
yours ;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers :

O, belike his majesty hath some intent

50 That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.

But what 's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

Clarence. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for I
protest

As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G, 55
And says a wizzard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be ;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he :
These, as I learn, and such-like toys as these 60
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Gloster. Why, this it is when men are rul'd by
women :

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower ;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempers him to this extremity. 65
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?
We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe. 70

Clarence. By heaven, I think there is no man
secure

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ? 75

Gloster. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favor with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery : 80
The jealous, o'er-worn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brakenbury. I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;

His majesty hath straitly given in charge 85

That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Gloster. Even so; an't please your worship,
Brakenbury,

You may partake of anything we say:

90 We speak no treason, man; we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous:
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
tongue:

95 And that the queen's kin are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brakenbury. With this, my lord, myself have
naught to do.

Gloster. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I
tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
100 Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brakenbury. What one, my lord?

Gloster. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou be-
tray me?

Brakenbury. I beseech your grace to pardon me;
and, withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

105 *Clarence.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury,
and will obey.

Gloster. We are the queen's abjects, and must
obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
110 I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clarence. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Gloster. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or lie for you :

115

Meantime, have patience.

Clarence. I must perforce ; farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and *Guard.*

Gloster. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.

120

But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hastings ?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Good time of day unto my gracious lord !

Gloster. As much unto my good lord chamberlain !

Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

125

Hastings. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must :

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Gloster. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Clarence too ;

For they that were your enemies are his,

130

And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hastings. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Gloster. What news abroad ?

Hastings. No news so bad abroad as this at home :

135

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,

And his physicians fear him mightily.

Gloster. Now, by St. Paul, this news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
140 And overmuch consum'd his royal person ;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed ?

Hastings.

He is.

Gloster. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die
245 Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I 'll in to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
150 Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy.
And leave the world for me to bustle in !
For then I 'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father ?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
155 Is to become her husband and her father :
The which will I ; not all so much for love
As for another secret, close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market :
160 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and
reigns :

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH,
borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing hal-
berds to guard it ; and LADY ANNE as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honorable load,
If honor may be shrouded in a hearse,

Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king ! 5
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
Be 't lawful that I invoke thy ghost
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, 10
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these
wounds !

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes :
Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes !
Cursèd the heart that had the heart to do it ! 15
Cursèd the blood that let this blood from hence !
More direful hap betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives ! 20
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
And that be heir to his unhappiness ! 25
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee !
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interrèd there ; 30
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[*The bearers take up the corpse and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it
down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

35 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Gloster. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

First Gentleman. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Gloster. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:

40 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,

45 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Gloster. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

50 *Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

55 O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;

60 Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer
dead,

Or earth gape open wide and eat him quick, 65
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Gloster. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor
man: 70

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Gloster. But I know none, and therefore am no
beast.

Anne. O wonderful when devils tell the truth!

Gloster. More wonderful when angels are so
angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman, 75
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy curs'd self. 80

Gloster. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let
me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou
canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Gloster. By such despair I should accuse myself. 85

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand ex-
cus'd,

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Gloster. Say that I slew them not.

Anne. Why then they are not dead: 90

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Gloster. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Gloster. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest : Queen Margaret saw

95 Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood :
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Gloster. I was provoked by herslanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

100 *Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Gloster. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? then, God grant me too

Thou mayst be damnèd for that wicked deed !

105 O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

Gloster. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Gloster. Let him thank me that help to send him thither ;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

110 *Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Gloster. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths

115 Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Gloster. Your beauty was the cause of that effect.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,

These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks. 120

Gloster. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck ;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by :

As all the world is cheerèd by the sun,

So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life ! 125

Gloster. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Gloster. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable, 130
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Gloster. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Gloster. He lives that loves thee better than he could. 135

Anne. Name him.

Gloster. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Gloster. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he ?

Gloster. Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why dost thou spit at me ?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake ! 140

Gloster. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Gloster. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

145 *Anne.* Would they were basilisk's to strike thee dead !

Gloster. I would they were that I might die at once ;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspect with store of childish drops :

150 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

155 Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain :—in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;

160 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy ;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;

But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

165 My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*]

Teach not thy lips such scorn ; for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;

170 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open ; she offers at it with his sword.*]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry,
But 'twas thy beauty that provokèd me.
Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward, 175
[*She again offers at his breast.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,

I will not be the executioner. 180
Gloster. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.

Gloster. That was in thy rage :
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love ; 185
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glosier. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Gloster. Then never man was true. 190

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Gloster. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Gloster. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so. 195

Gloster. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*

Gloster. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine. 200
And if thy poor, devoted servant may
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
'Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

205 *Gloster.* That it may please you to leave these
sad designs

To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,

210 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me
too

215 To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.

Gloster. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKLEY.]

220 *Gloster.* Sirs, take up the corse.

Gentlemen. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Gloster. No, to White-Friars; there attend my
coming. [*Exeunt the rest with the corpse.*]

Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humor won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.

225 What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
me,

230 And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!

Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months
since, 235
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford : 240
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am misshapen thus? 245
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass, 250
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favor with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave ; 255
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, RIVERS, and GREY.

Rivers. Have patience, madam : there's no doubt
his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him
worse :

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
5 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Queen Elizabeth. If he were dead, what would
betide of me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Queen Elizabeth. The loss of such a lord includes
all harm.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly
son,

10 To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, he is young; and his mi-
nority

Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Rivers. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

15 *Queen Elizabeth.* It is determin'd, not concluded
yet:

But so it must be if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and
Stanley.

Buckingham. Good time of day unto your royal
grace!

Stanley. God make your majesty joyful as you
have been!

20 *Queen Elizabeth.* The Countess Richmond, good
my Lord of Stanley,

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,

And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

25 *Stanley.* I do beseech you, either not believe

The envious slanders of her false accusers;

Or, if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen Elizabeth. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stanley. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty. 30

Queen Elizabeth. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buckingham. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen Elizabeth. God grant him health! did you confer with him? 35

Buckingham. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement

Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen Elizabeth. Would all were well! but that
will never be: 40

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET:

Gloster. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:

Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly 45
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumors.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Gre. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

- 55 *Gloster.* To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish—
60 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen Elizabeth. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter :

- The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
65 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
70 *Gloster.* I cannot tell : the world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Queen Elizabeth. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster ;

- 75 You envy my advancement and my friends':
God grant we never may have need of you!
Gloster. Meantime, God grants that we have
need of you :

- Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
80 Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a
noble.

Queen Elizabeth. By Him that rais'd me to this
careful height

- From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
85 I never did incense his majesty

Against the Duke of Clarence, but have beer
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Gloster. You may deny that you were not the
cause 90
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Rivers. She may, my lord ; for—

Gloster. She may, Lord Rivers ! why, who
knows not so ?
She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments, 95
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honors on your high deserts.
What may she not ? She may,—ay, marry, may
she—

Rivers. What, marry, may she ?

Gloster. What, marry, may she ! marry with a
king, 100

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too :
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Queen Elizabeth. My Lord of Gloster, I have too
long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty 105
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I'd rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormèd at :

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

Queen Margaret. And lessen'd be that small,
God, I beseech thee !

Thy honor, state, and seat is due to me.

Gloster. What ! threat you me with telling of the
king ?

Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said

115 I will avouch in presence of the king :

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Queen Margaret. Out, devil ! I remember them too well :

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

120 And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Gloster. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a packhorse in his great affairs ;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends ;

125 To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Queen Margaret. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Gloster. In all which time, you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;

And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband

130 In Margaret's battle at St. Albans slain ?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been, ere this, and what you are ;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Queen Margaret. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

135 *Gloster.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

Queen Margaret. Which God revenge !

Gloster. To fight on Edward's party for the crown ;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up :

140 I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine ;

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Queen Margaret. Hie thee to hell for shame, and
leave this world,

Thou cacodemon ! there thy kingdom is.

Rivers. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days 145
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king ;
So should we you if you should be our king.

Gloster. If I should be !—I'd rather be a pedlar ;
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it ! 150

Queen Elizabeth. As little joy, my lord, as you
suppose

You should enjoy were you this country's king,—
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Queen Margaret. A little joy enjoys the queen
thereof ; 155
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me :
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ? 160
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?
O gentle villain, do not turn away !

Gloster. Foul, wrinkled witch, what mak'st
thou in my sight ?

Queen Margaret. But repetition of what thou
hast marr'd ; 165
That will I make before I let thee go.

Gloster. Wert thou not banish'd on pain of death ?

Queen Margaret. I was ; but I do find more pain
in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me ; 170
And thou a kingdom ; all of you allegiance :
This sorrow that I have by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Gloster. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
175 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul

180 Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen Elizabeth. So just is God to right the innocent.

Hastings. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that
babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of !

185 *Rivers.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was
reported.

Dorset. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buckingham. Northumberland, then present,
wept to see it.

Queen Margaret. What ! were you snarling all
before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

190 And turn you all your hatred now on me ?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with
heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment

Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?

395 Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?

Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses !

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder to make him a king !

Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,

200 For Edward, my son, that was Prince of Wales,

Die in his youth, by like untimely violence !
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss ;
And see another, as I see thee now, 205
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray
him

That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Gloster. Have done thy charm, thou hateful,
wither'd hag. 215

Queen Margaret. And leave out thee ! stay, dog,
for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation 220
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
The worm of conscience shall begnaw thy soul !
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine 225
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell ! 230
Thou rag of honor ! thou detested—

Gloster. Margaret.

Queen Margaret. Richard !

Gloster.

Ha !

Queen Margaret.

I call thee not.

Gloster. I cry thee mercy then, for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

235 *Queen Margaret.* Why, so I did ; but look'd for no
reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse !

Gloster. 'Tis done by me ; and ends in—Margaret.

Queen Elizabeth. Thus have you breath'd your
curse against yourself.

Queen Margaret. Poor, painted queen, vain flourish
ish of my fortune !

240 Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool ! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd
toad.

245 *Hastings.* False-boding woman, end thy frantic
curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Queen Margaret. Foul shame upon you ! you
have all mov'd mine.

Rivers. Were you well serv'd, you would be
taught your duty.

Queen Margaret. To serve me well, you all
should do me duty,

250 Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects ;

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty !

Dorset. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Queen Margaret. Peace, master marquis, you are
malapert :

Your fire-new stamp of honor is scarce current.

255 O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it and be miserable !

They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them :

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Gloster. Good counsel, marry ; learn it, learn it,
marquis.

Dorset. It touches you, my lord, as much as me. 260

Gloster. Ay, and much more : but I was born so
high,

Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Queen Margaret. And turns the sun to shade ;
alas ! alas !

Witness my son, now in the shade of death, 265

Whose bright outshining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it ;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so ! 270

Buckingham. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for
charity.

Queen Margaret. Urge neither charity nor shame
to me ;

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame ; 275

And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buckingham. Have done, have done.

Queen Margaret. O princely Buckingham, I'll
kiss thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee :

Now fair befall thee and thy noble house ! 280

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buckingham. Nor no one here ; for curses never
pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Queen Margaret. I will not think but they
ascend the sky, 285

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he
bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death;

290 Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him;

And all their ministers attend on him.

Gloster. What doth she say, my Lord of Buck-
ingham?

Buckingham. Nothing that I respect, my gra-
cious lord.

295 *Queen Margaret.* What, dost thou scorn me for
my gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow:

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.

300 Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hastings. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.

Rivers. And so doth mine; I muse why she's at
liberty.

Gloster. I cannot blame her:

305 She hath had too much wrong; and I repent

My part thereof that I have done to her.

Queen Elizabeth. I never did her any, to my
knowledge.

Gloster. Yet you have all the vantage of her
wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good

310 That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Rivers. A virtuous and a Christianlike conclusion,

To pray for them that have done scathe to us. 315

Gloster. So do I ever, [*Aside.*] being well advis'd ;
For, had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Madam, his majesty doth call for you ;
And for your grace ; and you, my noble lords.

Queen Elizabeth. Catesby, I come. Lords, will
you go with me ? 320

Rivers. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

Gloster. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness, 325
I do beweepe to many simple gulls ;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham ;
And tell them 'tis the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it ; and withal whet me 330
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ;
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends, stolen out of holy writ ; 335
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout, resolvèd mates !
Are you now going to dispatch this deed ?

First Murderer. We are, my lord ; and come to
have the warrant, 340
That we may be admitted where he is.

Gloster. Well thought upon ; I have it here about me :

[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

345 Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity if you mark him.

First Murderer. Tut, tut ! my lord, we will not stand to prate ;

Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd

350 We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

Gloster. Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes fall tears :

I like you, lads ;—about your business straight ;

Go, go, dispatch.

First Murderer. We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clarence. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

5 I would not spend another such a night,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days—

So full of dismal terror was the time !

Brakenbury. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you, tell me.

Clarence. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,

10 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;

And, in my company, my brother Gloster ;

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward Eng-
land,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster 15
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20
O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ; 25
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brakenbury. Had you such leisure in the time of
death

To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ? 35

Clarence. Methought I had ; and often did I
strive

To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk, 40
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brakenbury. Awak'd you not with this sore
agony ? [life ;

Clarence. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
O, then began the tempest to my soul !

- 45 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
 50 Who cried aloud, *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?
 And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud,
 55 *Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence—*

- That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;*
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
 60 Such hideous cries that with the very noise
 I, trembling, wak'd, and, for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brakenbury. No marvel, lord, though it af-
 frighted you ;

- 65 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clarence. O Brakenbury, I have done those
 things

- That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
 O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 70 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath in me alone :
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

- 75 *Brakenbury.* I will, my lord : God give your
 grace good rest ! [CLARENCE sleeps.
 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,

Makes the night morning, and the noontide night
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor of an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares :
So that, between their titles and low name,
There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

80

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murderer. Ho ! who's here ?

Brakenbury. What wouldst thou, fellow ? and
how cam'st thou hither ?

85

First Murderer. I would speak with Clarence,
and I came hither on my legs.

Brakenbury. What, so brief ?

Second Murderer. 'Tis better, sir, than to be
tedious. Show him our commission, and talk no
more.

[*A paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who reads it.*

Brakenbury. I am, in this, commanded to de-
liver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands :—

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

95

There lies the duke asleep—and there the keys,

I'll to the king ; and signify to him

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

First Murderer. You may, sir : 'tis a point of
wisdom :

Fare you well.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.* 100

Second Murderer. What, shall we stab him as he
sleeps ?

First Murderer. No ; he'll say 'twas done cow-
ardly when he wakes.

Second Murderer. Why, he shall never wake
until the great judgment-day.

First Murderer. Why, then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

Second Murderer. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murderer. What, art thou afraid?

Second Murderer. Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

115 *First Murderer.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Second Murderer. So I am to let him live.

First Murderer. I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

120 *Second Murderer.* Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope my holy humor will change; it was wont to hold me but while one could tell twenty.

First Murderer. How dost thou feel thyself now?

125 *Second Murderer.* Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murderer. Remember our reward when the deed's done.

Second Murderer. Zounds, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

130 *First Murderer.* Where's thy conscience now?

Second Murderer. In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

First Murderer. So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

135 *Second Murderer.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

First Murderer. What if it come to thee again?

140 *Second Murderer.* I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; a man cannot lie but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me

once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found ;
it beggars any man that keeps it ; it is turned out
of towns and cities for a dangerous thing ; and 145
every man that means to live well endeavors to
trust to himself, and live without it.

First Murderer. Zounds, it is now even at my
elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Second Murderer. Take the devil in thy mind, 150
and believe him not : he would insinuate with thee
but to make thee sigh.

First Murderer. I am strong-fram'd, he cannot
prevail with me.

Second Murderer. Spoke like a tall fellow that 155
respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this
gear ?

First Murderer. Take him over the costard with
the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into
the malmsey-butt in the next room. 160

Second Murderer. O excellent device ! make a
sop of him.

First Murderer. Soft ! he wakes.

Second Murderer. Strike !

First Murderer. No, we'll reason with him. 165

Clarence. Where art thou, keeper ? give me a
cup of wine.

First Murderer. You shall have wine enough,
my lord, anon.

Clarence. In God's name, what art thou ? 170

First Murderer. A man, as you are.

Clarence. But not, as I am, royal.

First Murderer. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clarence. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks
are humble.

First Murderer. My voice is now the king's, 175
my looks mine own.

Clarence. How darkly and how deadly dost thou
speak !

Your eyes do menace me : why look you pale ?
Who sent you hither ? Wherefore do you come ?

180 *Second Murderer.* To, to, to——

Clarence. To murder me ?

Both Murderers. Ay, ay.

Clarence. You scarcely have the hearts to tell
me so,

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

185 Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?

First Murderer. Offended us you have not, but
the king.

Clarence. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

Second Murderer. Never, my lord ; therefore pre-
190 pare to die.

Clarence. Are you drawn forth from out a world
of men

To slay the innocent ? What's my offense ?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me ?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

195 Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounc'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

200 By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me :

The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murderer. What we will do we do upon
command.

205 *Second Murderer.* And he that hath commanded
is the king.

Clarence. Erroneous vassal ! the great King of
kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder : will you then

210 Spurn at his edict and fulfill a man's ?

Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hand
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Second Murderer. And that same vengeance doth
he hurl on thee

For false forswearing and for murder too : 215
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murderer. And, like a traitor to the name
of God,
Didst break that vow ; and with thy treacherous
blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son. 220

Second Murderer. Whom thou wast sworn to
cherish and defend.

First Murderer. How canst thou urge God's
dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clarence. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill
deed ?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake : 225
He sends you not to murder me for this ;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avengèd for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly :
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ; 230
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.

First Murderer. Who made thee, then, a bloody
minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ? 235
Clarence. My brother's love, the devil, and my
rage.

First Murderer. Thy brother's love, our duty,
and thy faults
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clarence. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

240 *I am his brother, and I love him well.*
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

245 *Second Murderer.* You are deceiv'd, your brother
Gloster hates you.

Clarence. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear;

Go you to him from me.

Both Murderers.

Ay, so we will.

Clarence. Tell him, when that our princely father
York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
250 And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.

First Murderer. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd
us to weep.

Clarence. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

255 *First Murderer.* Right, as snow in harvest.—
Come, you deceive yourself:

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clarence. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labor my delivery.

260 *First Murderer.* Why, so he doth, when he de-
livers you

From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

Second Murderer. Make peace with God, for you
must die, my lord.

Clarence. Have you that holy feeling in your
souls

To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And are you yet to your own souls so blind 265
That you will war with God by murdering me?
Oh, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Second Murderer. What shall we do?

Clarence. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murderer. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish. 270

Clarence. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?— 275

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not? 280

Second Murderer. Look behind you, my lord.

First Murderer. Take that, and that; if all this
will not do, [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within
[Exit, with the body.

Second Murderer. A bloody deed, and desperately
dispatch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands 285
Of this most grievous-guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

First Murderer. How now? what mean'st thou,
that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack thou
art.

Second Murderer. I would he knew that I had
sav'd his brother!

290 Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

First Murderer. So do not I ; go, coward as thou art.

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial :

295 And, when I have my meed, I will away ;
For this will out, and here I must not stay. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD (*led in sick*), QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

King Edward. Why, so ; now have I done a good day's work :

You peers, continue this united league :

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;

5 And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Rivers. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate ;

10 And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hastings. So thrive I as I truly swear the like !

King Edward. Take heed you dally not before your king ;

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

15 Either of you to be the other's end.

Hastings. So prosper I as I swear perfect love !

Rivers. And I as I love Hastings with my heart!

King Edward. Madam, yourself are not exempt
in this,

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;
You have been factious one against the other. 20
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen Elizabeth. Here, Hastings ; I will never
more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

King Edward. Dorset, embrace him ; Hastings,
love lord marquis. 25

Dorset. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.

Hastings. And so swear I, my lord.

[*Embraces DORSET.*

King Edward. Now, princely Buckingham, seal
thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30
And make me happy in your unity.

Buckingham. Whenever Buckingham doth turn
his hate
Upon your grace [*To the QUEEN*], but with all
duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love ! 35
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me ! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in love to you or yours. 40

[*Embracing RIVERS, etc.*

King Edward. A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-
ingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here
To make the blessed period of this peace.

45 *Buckingham.* And, in good time, here comes the
noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Good-morrow to my sovereign king and
queen ;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

King Edward. Happy, indeed, as we have spent
the day.

Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;

50 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling, wrong-incensed peers.

Gloster. A blessed labor, my most sovereign liege.

Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

55 Hold me a foe ;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :

60 'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

65 If ever any grudge were lodged between us ;

Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me ;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive

70 With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night :

I thank my God for my humility.

Queen Elizabeth. A holy day shall this be kept
hereafter :

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your highness 75
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Gloster. Why, madam, have I offered love for
this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse. 80

King Edward. Who knows not he is dead? who
knows he is?

Queen Elizabeth. All-seeing heaven, what a world
is this!

Buckingham. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the
rest?

Dorset. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the
presence

But his red color hath forsook his cheeks. 85

King Edward. Is Clarence dead? the order was
revers'd.

Gloster. But he, poor man, by your first order
died,

And that a wingèd Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand
That came too lag to see him buried: 90
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. A boon, my sovereign, for my service
done! 95

King Edward. I prithee, peace: my soul is full
of sorrow.

Stanley. I will not rise unless your highness hear
me.

King Edward. Then say at once, what is it thou demand'st.

Stanley. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;

100 Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

King Edward. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,

105 And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him ? who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd ?

Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

110 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?

Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king ?*

Who told me, when we both lay in the field

115 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments, and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night ?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

120 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But, when your carters or your waiting-vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;

125 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :

But for my brother not a man would speak,

Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself

For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all

Have been beholding to him in his life ;

130 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.

O God ! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this !
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.
Ah, poor Clarence !

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, and GREY.

Gloster. This is the fruit of rashness ! Mark'd
you not

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence'
death ? 135

Oh ! they did urge it still unto the king :
God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company ? 140

Buckingham. We wait upon your grace.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with a Son and*
Daughter of CLARENCE.

Son. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead ?

Duchess. No, boy.

Daughter. Why do you wring your hands, and
beat your breast,

And cry, *O Clarence, my unhappy son !*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your
head, 5

And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive ?

Duchess. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both ;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death : 10
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is
dead.

The king, my uncle, is to blame for this :
God will revenge it ; whom I will impórtune

15 With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daughter. And so will I.

Duchess. Peace, children, peace ! the king doth
love you well :

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

20 *Son.* Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle
Gloster

Told me the king, provokèd by the queen,

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him :

And, when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And hugg'd me in his arm, and kiss'd my cheek ;

25 Bade me rely on him as on my father,

And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duchess. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

And with a virtuous visor hide foul guile !

He is my son ; ay, and therein my shame.

30 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, gran-
dam ?

Duchess. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is
this ?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly ; RIVERS
and DORSET following her.*

Queen Elizabeth. Ah ! who shall hinder me to
wail and weep,

35 To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?

I'll join with black despair against my soul,

And to myself become an enemy.

Duchess. What means this scene of rude im-
patience ?

Queen Elizabeth. To make an act of tragic violence :

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead. 40

Why grow the branches when the root is gone ?

Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?

If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;

That our swift-wingèd souls may catch the king's ;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him 45

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duchess. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband !

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,

And liv'd by looking on his images : 50

But now two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death ;

And I for comfort have but one false glass,

That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother, 55

And hast the comfort of thy children left ;

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I

(Thine being but a moiety of my moan) 60

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries !

Son. Ah, aunt ! you wept not for our father's death ;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Daughter. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd ;

Your widow-dolor likewise be unwept ! 65

Queen Elizabeth. Give me no help in lamentation ;

I am not barren to bring forth complaints :

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,

70 May sent forth plenteous tears to drown the world !
Ah for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward !

Children. Ah for our father, for our dear Lord
Clarence !

Duchess. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence !

Queen Elizabeth. What stay had I but Edward ?
and he's gone.

75 *Children.* What stay had we but Clarence ? and
he's gone.

Duchess. What stay had I but they ? and they
are gone.

Queen Elizabeth. Was never widow had so dear
a loss !

Children. Were never orphans had so dear a loss !

Duchess. Was never mother had so dear a loss !

80 Alas, I am the mother of these griefs !

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she ;

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;

85 I for an Edward weep, so do not they :

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears ! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dorset. Comfort, dear mother : God is much dis-
pleas'd

90 That you take with unthankfulness his doing ;

In common worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

95 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethink you, like a careful
mother,

Of the young prince, your son : send straight for
him,

Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 100

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY,
HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and others.*

Gloster. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace :—humbly on my knee 105
I crave your blessing.

Duchess. God bless thee, and put meekness in
thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Gloster. Amen ; and make me die a good old
man !—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ; 110
I marvel that her grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*

Buckingham. You cloudy princes and heart-sor-
rowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love :
Though we have spent our harvest of this king, 115
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancor of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train, 120
Forthwith from Ludlow the young king be fetch'd
Hither to London to be crown'd our king.

Rivers. Why with some little train, my Lord of
Buckingham ?

Buckingham. Marry, my lord, lest by a multi-
tude,

125 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous
By how much the estate is green and yet un-
govern'd :

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
130 As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Gloster. I hope the king made peace with all
of us ;

And the compact is firm and true in me.

Rivers. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :

135 Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much comp'ny might be urg'd :
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

140 *Hastings.* And so say I.

Gloster. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to
Ludlow.

Madam, and you, my sister, will you go
To give your censures in this business ?

145 *Queen Elizabeth.* } With all our hearts.
Duchess. }

[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buckingham. My lord, whoever journeys to the
prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :

For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,

150 To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Gloster. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet ! My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*London. A Street.**Enter two Citizens, meeting.**First Citizen.* Good-morrow, neighbor; whither away so fast?*Second Citizen.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:

Hear you the news abroad?

First Citizen. Ay, that the king is dead.*Second Citizen.* Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better.

I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world. 5

*Enter another Citizen.**Third Citizen.* Neighbors, God speed!*First Citizen.* Give you good-morrow, sir.*Third Citizen.* Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?*Second Citizen.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!*Third Citizen.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.*First Citizen.* No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign. 10*Third Citizen.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!*Second Citizen.* In him there is a hope of government;That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well. 15*First Citizen.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

Third Citizen. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd

- 20 With politic grave counsel ; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

First Citizen. Why, so hath this, both by the
father and mother.

Third Citizen. Better it were they all came by
the father,

Or by the father there were none at all :

- 25 For emulation now who shall be nearest
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster ;
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and
proud :

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

- 30 This sickly land might solace as before.

First Citizen. Come, come, we fear the worst ; all
will be well.

Third Citizen. When clouds are seen, wise men
put on their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand ;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?

- 35 Untimely storms make men expect a dearth :

All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve or I expect.

Second Citizen. Truly, the hearts of men are full
of fear :

You cannot reason almost with a man

- 40 That looks not heavily and full of dread.

Third Citizen. Before the times of change, still
is it so :

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust

Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see

The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.

- 45 But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

Second Citizen. Marry, we were sent for to the
justices.

Third Citizen. And so was I ; I'll bear you
company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Archbishop. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duchess. I long with all my heart to see the prince :

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him. 5

Queen Elizabeth. But I hear, no ; they say my son of York

Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother ; but I would not have it so.

Duchess. Why, my good cousin ? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper, 10

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother ; *Ay, quoth my uncle Gloster, Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :*

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast, Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste. 15

Duchess. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young, So long a-growing and so leisurely

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious. 20

Archbishop. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duchess. I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
25 To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duchess. How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

30 *Grandam,* this would have been a biting jest.

Duchess. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duchess. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

35 *Queen Elizabeth.* A parlous boy : go to, you are too shrewd.

Archbishop. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Queen Elizabeth. Pitchers have ears.

Archbishop. Here comes a messenger.

Enter a Messenger.

What news?

Messenger. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

40 *Queen Elizabeth.* How doth the prince?

Messenger. Well, madam, and in health.

Duchess. What is thy news?

Messenger. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duchess. Who hath committed them?

Messenger.

The mighty dukes,

45 Gloster and Buckingham.

Queen Elizabeth.

For what offense?

Messenger. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd ;
Why or for what the nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Queen Elizabeth. Ah me, I see the downfall of
our house !

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind : 50
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne :
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duchess. Accursèd and unquiet wrangling days, 55
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :
And, being seated, and domestic broils 60
Clean over blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; blood against blood,
Self against self : O preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damnèd spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on death no more ! 65

Queen Elizabeth. Come, come, my boy, we will
to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Duchess. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen Elizabeth. You have no cause.

Archbishop. My gracious lady, go.

[To the QUEEN.

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace 70
The seal I keep : and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours !
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and others.

Buckingham. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Gloster. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
5 Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Gloster. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :
No more can you distinguish of a man
10 Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
15 God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they were none.

Gloster. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

Mayor. God bless your grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ; and thank you all. [Exeunt Mayor, etc.]

I thought my mother and my brother York 20
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no !

Buckingham. And in good time here comes the
sweating lord.

Enter HASTINGS.

Prince. Welcome, my lord ; what, will our
mother come ? 25

Hastings. On what occasion, God he knows, not I.
The queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary ; the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

Buckingham. Fie ! what an indirect and peevish
course
Is this of hers ! Lord Cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York,
Unto his princely brother presently ?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him, 35
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Cardinal. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak
oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here ; but, if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buckingham. You are too senseless-obstinate, my
lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional :
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age, 45
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted

To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
50 And those who have the wit to claim the place :
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it ;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.

55 Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Cardinal. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind
for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hastings. I go, my lord.

60 *Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste
you may.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL and HASTINGS.]

Say, Uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Gloster. Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two

65 Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought most
fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.

Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

70 *Gloster.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that
place !

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

Buckingham. Upon record, my gracious lord.

75 *Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Gloster. So wise so young, they say, do never live
long. [Aside.]

Prince. What say you, uncle? 80

Gloster. I say without characters fame lives long.

[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man :
With what his valor did enrich his wit, 85
His wit set down to make his valor live :

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buckingham. What, my gracious lord? 90

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier as I liv'd a king.

Gloster. [*Aside.*] Short summers lightly have a
forward spring.

Buckingham. Now, in good time, here comes the
Duke of York. 95

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our noble
brother ?

York. Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you
now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours,
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

Gloster. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of
York ?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince, my brother, hath outgrown me far.

Gloster. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle? 105

Gloster. O my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Gloster. He may command me as my sovereign ;
But you have power in me as a kinsman.

110 *York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Gloster. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother ?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

115 *Gloster.* A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift ! O, that 's the sword to it.

Gloster. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you 'll part with but light gifts ;

In weightier things you 'll say a beggar nay.

120 *Gloster.* It is too heavy for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Gloster. What, would you have my weapon, little lord ?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Gloster. How ?

125 *York.* Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk ;

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me :

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me :

130 Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buckingham. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons !

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle
He prettily and aptly taunts himself :

So cunning and so young is wonderful. 135

Gloster. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord? 140

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Gloster. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me he was murder'd there. 145

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Gloster. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

[*A sennet. Exeunt PRINCE, YORK, HASTINGS,
CARDINAL, and Attendants.*]

Buckingham. Think you, my lord, this little
prating York
Was not incensèd by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Gloster. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous
boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable; 155
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buckingham. Well, let them rest.—Come hither,
Catesby.
Thou'rt sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way; 160
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the installment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

65 *Catesby*. He for his father's sake so loves the
prince

That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buckingham. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? will not he?

Catesby. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buckingham. Well, then, no more but this : go,
gentle Catesby,

170 And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

175 Encourage him, and show him all our reasons :

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,

And give us notice of his inclination :

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

180 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Gloster. Commend me to Lord William : tell
him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle ;

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,

185 Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buckingham. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Catesby. My good lords both, with all the heed
I can.

Gloster. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we
sleep?

Catesby. You shall, my lord.

190 *Gloster*. At Crosby House, there shall you find
us both. [Exit CATESBY.]

Buckingham. Now, my lord, what shall we do,
if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Gloster. Chop off his head, man ; somewhat we will do ;

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables 195
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buckingham. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Gloster. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. 200
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before LORD HASTINGS' House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, my lord ! [Knocking.

Hastings. [Within.] Who knocks?

Messenger. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hastings. [Within.] What is't o'clock?

Messenger. Upon the stroke of four. 5

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Messenger. So it should seem by that I have to say.

Hastings. And then?

Messenger. Then certifies your lordship that this night

He dreamt the boar had rasèd off his helm : 10
Besides, he says there are two councils held ;
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

15 If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hastings. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;

Bid him not fear the separated councils :

20 His honor and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance :

25 And, for his dreams, I wonder he 's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

30 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Messenger. My gracious lord, I'll tell him what
you say. [Exit.]

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Many good-morrows to my noble lord !

35 *Hastings.* Good-morrow, Catesby ; you are early
stirring ;

What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Catesby. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

40 *Hastings.* How ! wear the garland ! dost thou
mean the crown ?

Catesby. Ay, my good lord.

Hastings. I'll have this crown of mine cut from
my shoulders

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Catesby. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you 45
forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hastings. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news, 50
Because they have been still my enemies:
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Catesby. God keep your lordship in that gracious
mind!

Hastings. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth
hence— 55

That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, *Catesby*, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on 't. 60

Catesby. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hastings. O, monstrous, monstrous! and so falls
it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe 65
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Catesby. The princes both make high account of
you—

[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the
bridge.

Hastings. I know they do; and I have well de-
serv'd it. 70

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stanley. My lord, good-morrow; and good-morrow, Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,

75 I do not like these several councils, I.

Hastings. My lord,

I hold my life as dear as you do yours;

And never, in my days, I do protest,

Was it so precious to me as 'tis now:

80 Think you, but that I know our state secure,

I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stanley. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,

And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;

85 But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.

This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt:

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hastings. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?

90 To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stanley. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads

Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hastings. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.*]

95 How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Pursuivant. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hastings. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now Than when thou mett'st me last where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

100

Pursuivant. God hold it, to your honor's good content !

Hastings. Gramercy, fellow : there, drink that for me. [*Throwing him his purse.*]

105

Pursuivant. God save your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honor.

Hastings. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I'm in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath and I will content you.

110

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain ?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;
Your honor hath no shriving work in hand.

Hastings. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower ?

115

Buckingham. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there :

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hastings. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buckingham. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*]

120

Come, will you go ?

Hastings. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Pomfret. Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to execution.

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of
you!

5 A knot you are of damnèd blood-suckers.

Vaughan. You live that shall cry woe for this
hereafter.

Ratcliff. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody
prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

10 Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our
heads,

15 When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Rivers. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she
Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings: O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!

20 And, for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Ratcliff. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

Rivers. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us here
embrace:

25 Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a table; Officers of the Council attending.*

Hastings. Now, noble peers, the cause why we
are met

Is to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?

Buckingham. Are all things ready for that royal
time?

Stanley. They are; and wants but nomination. 5

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buckingham. Who knows the lord protector's
mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know
his mind.

Buckingham. We know each other's faces: for
our hearts, 10

He knows no more of mine than I of yours;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hastings. I thank his grace, I know he loves me
well:

But, for his purpose in the coronation, 15
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lords, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part. 20

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time here comes the duke him-
self.

Gloster. My noble lords and cousins all, good-
morrow.

I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,

25 Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buckingham. Had you not come upon your cue,
my lord,

William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part—
I mean your voice—for crowning of the king.

Gloster. Than my Lord Hastings no man might
be bolder ;

30 His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there :
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit.*]

35 *Gloster.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with
you. [Takes him aside.]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot

That he will lose his head ere give consent

His master's child, as worshipful he terms it,

40 Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buckingham. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go
with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*]

Stanley. We have not yet set down this day of
triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;

For I myself am not so well provided

45 As else I would be were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster ?

I have sent for these strawberries.

Hastings. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth
to-day ;

'There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit. 50
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stanley. What of his heart perceive you in his
face

By any likelihood he show'd to-day? 55

Hastings. Marry, that with no man here he is
offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Gloster. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnèd witchcraft, and that have prevail'd 60
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hastings. The tender love I bear your grace, my
lord,

Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be:

I say, my lord, they have deserved death. 65

Gloster. Then be your eyes the witness of their
evil!

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that 'cursed woman' Shore, 70
That by their witchcraft thus have markèd me.

Hastings. If they have done this deed, my noble
lord—

Gloster. If! thou protector of this damnèd 'trull,'
Talk'st thou to me of *ifs*?—Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! now, by Saint Paul I swear 75
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done;

The rest that love me rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt* Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

Hastings. Woe, woe for England! not a whit
for me ;

80 For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm ,
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he look'd upon the Tower,

85 As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me :

I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

90 And I myself secure in grace and favor.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

Ratcliff. Dispatch, my lord ; the duke would be
at dinner ;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

95 *Hastings.* O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

100 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Love. Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to
exclaim.

Hastings. O bloody Richard ! — miserable Eng-
land !

I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

105 Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head :
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower Walls.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armor, marvelous ill-favored.

Gloster. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and
change thy color,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buckingham. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep
tragedian ;

Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

Gloster. He is ; and, see, he brings the mayor
along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buckingham. Lord Mayor,—

Gloster. Look to the drawbridge there !

Buckingham. Hark ! a drum.

Gloster. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buckingham. Lord Mayor, the reason we have
sent—

Gloster. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buckingham. God and our innocency defend and
guard us !

Gloster. Be patient, they are friends ; Ratcliff and
Lovel.

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.

Lovel. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Gloster. So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep.

- 25 I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian ;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts :
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
30 That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buckingham. Well, well, he was the covert'st
shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.

- 35 Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster ?

- 40 *Mayor.* Had he done so ?

Gloster. What ! think you we are Turks, or
infidels ?

Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,

- 45 The peace of England, and our persons' safety
Enforc'd us to this execution ?

Mayor. Now, fair befall you ! he deserv'd his
death ;

And your good graces both have well proceeded
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

- 50 I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Gloster. Yet had we not determin'd he should
die,

Until your lordship came to see his end ;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Something against our meaning, hath prevented : 55
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason ;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may 60
Miscōnstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your grace's word
shall serve

As well as I had seen and heard him speak :
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens 65
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Gloster. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
here,

T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buckingham. But, since you came too late of our
intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend : 70
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Gloster. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children : 75
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termèd so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury, 80
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye or savage heart,
Without control, listèd to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
Tell them, when that my mother went with child 85

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
90 Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buckingham. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the
orator

95 As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Gloster. If you thrive well, bring them to Bay-
nard's Castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied
With rev'rend fathers and well-learned bishops.

100 *Buckingham.* I go; and, towards three or four
o'clock,

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Gloster. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.
Go thou [*To* CATESBY] to Friar Penker;—bid them
both

Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

105 Now will I in to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,
And to give notice that no manner of person
Hav't any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scrivener. This is the indictment of the good
Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd

That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together :
Eleven hours I 've spent to write it over, 5
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me ;
The precedent was full as long a-doing :
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while ! Who is so gross 10
That cannot see this palpable device ?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not ?
Bad is the world ; and all will come to naught
When such ill-dealing must be seen in thought.
[Exit.]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Gloster. How now, my lord ! what say the citizens ?

Buckingham. The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Gloster. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

Buckingham. I did ; with his contract with Lady Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France :
Th' insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives ;
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke. 10
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form, and nobleness of mind ;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,

- 15 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew toward end,
- 20 I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry, *God save Richard, England's royal king !*
Gloster. And did they so ?
Buckingham. No, so God help me, they spake
not a word ;
But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
25 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this willful
silence :
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
- 30 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again ;
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
- 35 And some ten voices cried, *God save King Richard !*
And thus I took the vantage of those few :
Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I ;
This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :
- 40 And even here brake off, and came away.
Gloster. What tongueless blocks were they !
Would they not speak ?
Buckingham. No, by my troth, my lord.
Gloster. Will not the mayor then and 's breth-
ren come ?
Buckingham. The mayor is here at hand : intend
some fear ;
- 45 Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit :

And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I 'll make a holy descendant :
And be not eas'ly won to our requests :
Play the maid's part ; still answer nay, and take it. 50

Gloster. I go ; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buckingham. Go, go, up to the leads ; the Lord
Mayor knocks. [Exit GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord ; I dance attendance here ; 55
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request ?

Catesby. He doth entreat your grace, my noble
lord,

To visit him to-morrow, or next day :
He is within, with two right rev'rend fathers, 60
Divinely bent to meditation :
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buckingham. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious
duke ;

Tell him myself, the mayor, and citizens, 65
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Catesby. I 'll signify so much unto him straight.

[Exit.

Buckingham. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not 70
an Edward !

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;

- Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
75 Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul :
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof :
But sore I fear we shall not win him to it.
80 *Mayor.* Marry, God defend his grace should say
us nay !
Buckingham. I fear he will. Here Catesby
comes again ;

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace ?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled

- Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
85 His grace not being warn'd thereof before ;
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

- Buckingham.* Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;
90 And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between two
Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

Mayor. See, where his grace stands 'tween two
clergymen !

- 95 *Buckingham.* Two props of virtue for a Christian
prince
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,

True ornament to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favorable ear to our requests ; 100
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Gloster. My lord, there needs no such apology ;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God, 105
Neglect the visitation of my friends.

But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buckingham. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth
God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Gloster. I do suspect I have done some offense 110
That seems disgraceful in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buckingham. You have, my lord : would it
might please your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Gloster. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
land ? 115

Buckingham. Know, then, it is your fault that
you resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house 120
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :

Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy, 125

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.
Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit

- 130 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land :
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
135 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.
140 *Gloster.* I know not whe'r to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
145 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
150 Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not t' incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you :
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
155 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects
160 That I had rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapor of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
165 And much I need to help you, were there need ;

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me, 170
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
Which God defend that I should wring from him !
Buckingham. My lord, this argues conscience in

your grace ;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well consider'd. 175
You say that Edward is your brother's son ;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :
For first was he contrâct to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to that vow,—
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd 180
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressèd widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days, 185
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy ;
By her, in his unlawful union he
Had Edward, whom our manners call the prince. 190
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity ; 195
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal, true-derivèd course.

Mayor. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buckingham. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Catesby. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit !

Gloster. Alas, why would you heap those cares
I am unfit for state and majesty : [on me ?

205 I do beseech you take it not amiss ;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buckingham. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,
As well we know your tenderness of heart
210 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet, whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
215 But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house :
And in this resolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM ; *the* Mayor, Aldermen,
and Citizens retiring.]

Catesby. Call them again, sweet prince, accept
their suit ;

220 If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Gloster. Will you enforce me to a world of cares ?
Call them again. [*CATESBY goes to the Mayor,*
etc., and then exit.]

I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY ; *the*
Mayor, etc., coming forward.

225 Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But, if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof :
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

230

Mayor. God bless your grace ! we see it, and will
say it.

235

Gloster. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buckingham. Then I salute you with this royal
title—

Long live King Richard, England's worthy king !
All. Amen.

Buckingham. To-morrow may it please you to
be crown'd ?

240

Gloster. Even when you please, since you will
have it so.

Buckingham. To-morrow, then, we will attend
your grace ;

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Gloster. Come, let us to our holy task again :—
[To the Bishops.

Farewell, good cousin ;—farewell, gentle friends. 245
[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUIS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young daughter.

Duchess. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.

5 Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Queen Elizabeth. As much to you, good sister!
Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I
guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
10 To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Queen Elizabeth. Kind sister, thanks; we'll
enter all together:

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

15 *Brakenbury.* Right well, dear madam. By your
patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen Elizabeth. The king! why, who's that?
Brakenbury. I mean the lord protector.

Queen Elizabeth. The Lord protect him from
that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me? 20
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duchess. I am their father's mother; I will see
them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their
mother:

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy
blame,

And take thy office from thee, on my peril. 25

Brakenbury. No, madam, no, I may not leave
it so;

I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour
hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother
And rev'rend looker-on of two fair queens. 30

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.*

There to be crownèd Richard's royal queen.

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, cut my lace in sunder
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news! 35

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dorset. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares
your grace?

Queen Elizabeth. O Dorset, speak not to me, get
thee gone!

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children. 40

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;

45 And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stanley. Full of wise care is this your counsel,
madam ;

Take all the swift advantage of the hours ;
You shall have letters from me to my son
50 To meet you on the way and welcome you :
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duchess. O ill-dispersing wind of misery !
O my accursèd womb, the bed of death :
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
55 Whose unavoided eye is murderous !

Stanley. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste
was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
60 Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain !
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die ere men can say, *God save the queen !*

Queen Elizabeth. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not
thy glory ;

To feed my humor wish thyself no harm.

65 *Anne.* No, why ? When he that is my husband
now

Came to me as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
hands

Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dear saint which then I weeping fol-
low'd,—

70 O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,

This was my wish : *Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
More miserable by the life of thee* 75
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse ; 80
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest ;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ; 85
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen Elizabeth. Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Dorset. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

Duchess. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee ! 90

[*To DORSET.*
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee !

[*To ANNE.*
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee !

[*To QUEEN ELIZABETH.*
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty-odd years of sorrow have I seen, 95
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.

Queen Elizabeth. Stay yet, look back, with me, unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls !
100 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !
Rude, ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well !
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Sennet. RICHARD, *as King, upon his throne,*
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and others.*

King Richard. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buck-
ingham !

Buckingham. My gracious sovereign !

King Richard. Give me thy hand. Thus high,
by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :

5 But shall we wear these honors for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buckingham. Still live they, and for ever let
them last !

King Richard. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play
the touch

To try if thou be current gold indeed :

10 Young Edward lives ;—think now what I would
speak.

Buckingham. Say on, my loving lord.

King Richard. Why, Buckingham, I say I
would be king.

Buckingham. Why, so you are, my thrice-re-
nownèd liege.

King Richard. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so :—but
Edward lives.

15 *Buckingham.* True, noble prince.

King Richard. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live *true, noble prince !*

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :
Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly ; be brief. 20
Buckingham. Your grace may do your pleasure.
King Richard. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy
kindness freezeth :
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?
Buckingham. Give me some breath, some little
pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this : 25
I will resolve you herein presently.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Catesby. The king is angry ; see, he bites his
lip. [Aside.
King Richard. I will converse with iron-witted
fools [Descends from his throne.
And unrespective boys : none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes : 30
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect
Boy !

Page. My lord ?

King Richard. Know'st thou not any whom
corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ? 35
Page. I know a discontented gentleman
Whose humble means match not his haughty
mind :

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

King Richard. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel. 40

King Richard. I partly know the man : go, call
him hither, boy. [*Exit* Page.]

The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels :

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
45 And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley! what's the news?

Stanley. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

50 *King Richard.* Come hither, Catesby: rumor is
abroad

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter;

55 The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again give out
That Anne my queen is sick and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

60 I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
65 Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyrrel. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient
subject.

King Richard. Art thou, indeed?

Tyrrel. Prove me, my gracious lord.

King Richard. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend
of mine?

70 *Tyrrel.* Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

King Richard. Why, there thou hast it: two
deep enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon :

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyrrel. Let me have open means to come to them, 75
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.

King Richard. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark,
come hither, Tyrrel :

Go, by this token : rise, and lend thine ear :

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so : say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

80

Tyrrel. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

King Richard. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel,
ere we sleep?

Tyrrel. Ye shall, my lord.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham. My lord, I have consider'd in my
mind

The late request that you did sound me in. 85

King Richard. Well, let that pass. Dorset is
fled to Richmond.

Buckingham. I hear that news, my lord.

King Richard. Stanley, he is your wife's son :—
well, look to it.

Buckingham. My lord, I claim the gift, my due
by promise,

For which your honor and your faith is pawn'd ; 90
Th' earldom of Hereford and the movables,

Which you have promised I shall possess.

King Richard. Stanley, look to your wife : if she
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buckingham. What says your highness to my
just request?

95

King Richard. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth

Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king, perhaps, perhaps—

100 *Buckingham.* My lord!

King Richard. How chance the prophet could
not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buckingham. My lord, your promise for the earl-
dom,—

King Richard. Richmond! When last I was at
Exeter,

105 The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buckingham. My lord!

King Richard. Ay, what's o'clock?

110 *Buckingham.* I am thus bold to put your grace
in mind

Of what you promis'd me.

King Richard. But what's o'clock?

Buckingham. Upon the stroke of ten.

King Richard. Well, let it strike.

Buckingham. Why let it strike?

King Richard. Because that, like a Jack, thou
keep'st the stroke

115 Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buckingham. Why, then resolve me whe'r you
will or no.

King Richard. Thou troublest me; I am not in
the vein.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and train.*]

Buckingham. And is it thus? repays he my deep
service

With such contempt? made I him 'king for this? 120
O, let me think on Hastings and be gone
To Brecknock while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyrrel. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery, 5
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
Lo, thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes:
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another 10
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my
mind; 15
But, O! the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on: *We smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of Nature
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.
Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse 20
They could not speak; and so I left them both
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

Enter KING RICHARD.

All hail, my sovereign liege!
King Richard. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy
news?

25 *Tyrrel.* If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

King Richard. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyrrel. I did, my lord.

King Richard. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyrrel. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;

30 But how or in what place I do not know.

King Richard. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after-supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Meantime but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

35 Farewell till then.

Tyrrel. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

King Richard. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom;

And Anne my wife hath bid the world good-night.

40 Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly, thriving wooer.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Ratcliff. My lord!

45 *King Richard.* Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Ratcliff. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

King Richard. Ely with Richmond troubles me
more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength. 50
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king ! 55
Go, muster men : my counsel is my shield ;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Queen Margaret. So, now prosperity begins to
mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to, 5
And will to France ; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret : who comes
here ? [Retires.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my
tender babes !
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets ! 10
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation !
Queen Margaret. Hover about her ; say that right
for right 15

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duchess. So many miseries have craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

20 *Queen Margaret.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen Elizabeth. Wilt thou, O God, fly from
such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

25 *Queen Margaret.* When holy Harry died, and
my sweet son.

Duchess. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal-
living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*]

30 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Queen Elizabeth. O, that thou wouldst as soon
afford a grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

O, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

35 *Queen Margaret.* If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:

40 I had an Edward till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a Henry till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward till a Richard kill'd him :
Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard kill'd him.

Duchess. I had a Richard too, and thou didst
kill him ;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him. 45

Queen Margaret. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and
Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :

That dog that had his teeth before his eyes

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ; 50

That foul defacer of God's handiwork ;

That excellent-grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in gallèd eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.

O upright, just, and true-disposing God, 55

How do I thank thee that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !

Duchess. O, Harry's wife, triùmph not in my
woes !

God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

Queen Margaret. Bear with me ; I am hungry
for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;

Thy other Edward dead to quit my Edward ;

Young York he is but boot, because both they 65

Match not the high perfection of my loss :

Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;

And the beholders of this tragic play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer ;

Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,

And send them thither. But at hand, at hand

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :

75 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray

To have him suddenly convey'd away.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

That I may live to say, *The dog is dead!*

Queen Elizabeth. O, thou didst prophesy the
time would come

80 That I should wish for thee to help me curse

That bottled spider, that foul, bunch-back'd toad !

Queen Margaret. I call'd thee then vain flourish
of my fortune ;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen ;

The presentation of but what I was,

85 The flattering index of a direful pageant,

One heav'd a-high to be hurl'd down below :

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;

A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble :

A sign of dignity, a garish flag,

90 To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?

Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?

Who sues to thee and cries, *God save the queen ?*

95 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.

For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;

For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;

100 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;

For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;

For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

105 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,

And left thee but a very prey to time ;

Having no more but thought of what thou wast,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ? 110
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke,
From which even here I slip my wearied head
And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance,
These English woes shall make me smile in France. 115

Queen Elizabeth. O thou well skill'd in curses,
stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

Queen Margaret. Forbear to sleep the night, and
fast the day ;
Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were, 120
And he that slew them fouler than he is ;
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen Elizabeth. My words are dull ; O, quicken
them with thine !

Queen Margaret. Thy woes will make them
sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit.* 125

Duchess. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Queen Elizabeth. Windy attorneys to their client
woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope : though what they do im-
part 130
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Duchess. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with
me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damnèd son, that thy two sweet sons
smother'd. [*Trumpet within.*
The trumpet sounds—be copious in exclaims. 135

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

King Richard. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duchess. O, she that might have intercepted thee
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Queen Elizabeth. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
140 Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duchess. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
145 And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Queen Elizabeth. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duchess. Where is kind Hastings?

King Richard. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
150 Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duchess. Art thou my son?

155 *King Richard.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duchess. Then patiently hear my impatience.

King Richard. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duchess. O, let me speak.

King Richard. Do, then ; but I 'll not hear.

Duchess. I will be mild and gentle in my words. 160

King Richard. And brief, good mother ; for I
am in haste.

Duchess. Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for
thee,

God knows, in anguish, pain, and agony.

King Richard. And came I not at last to com-
fort you ?

Duchess. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it
well, 165

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious ;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and ven-
turous ; 170

Thy age confirm'd proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful ; kind in hatred :

What comfortable hour canst thou name

That ever grac'd me in thy company ?

King Richard. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey
Hour, that call'd your grace 180

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.

Strike up the drum.

Duchess. I prithee, hear me speak ;

King Richard. You speak too bitterly.

Duchess. Hear me a word, 185

For I shall never speak to thee again.

King Richard. So.

Duchess. Either thou wilt die, by God's just
ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
190 Or I with grief and éxtreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse ;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the cômplete armor that thou wear'st !
195 My prayers on the adverse party fight ;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
200 Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.
[Exit.]

Queen Elizabeth. Though far more cause, yet
much less spirit to curse

Abides in me ; I say *Amen* to her. [Going.]

King Richard. Stay, madam, I must speak a
word with you.

Queen Elizabeth. I have no more sons of the
royal blood
205 For thee to slaughter : for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

King Richard. You have a daughter call'd
Elizabeth,

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

210 *Queen Elizabeth.* And must she die for this ? O,
let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed ;
Throw over her the veil of infamy :

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
215 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

King Richard. Wrong not her birth, she is of
royal blood.

Queen Elizabeth. To save her life I'll say she is
not so.

King Richard. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen Elizabeth. And only in that safety died her brothers.

King Richard. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite. 220

Queen Elizabeth. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

King Richard. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Queen Elizabeth. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blessed thee with a fairer life. 225

King Richard. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Queen Elizabeth. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction : 230

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys 235
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

King Richard. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise 240

And dangerous success of bloody wars
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours by me were wrong'd !

Queen Elizabeth. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,

245 To be discover'd, that can do me good?

King Richard. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Queen Elizabeth. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

King Richard. Unto the dignity and height of honor,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

250 *Queen Elizabeth.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it;

Tell me what state, what dignity, what honor
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

King Richard. Even all I have; ay, and myself
and all

Will I withal endow a child of thine;

255 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Queen Elizabeth. Be brief, lest that the process
of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

260 *King Richard.* Then know, that from my soul
I love thy daughter.

Queen Elizabeth. My daughter's mother thinks
it with her soul.

King Richard. What do you think?

Queen Elizabeth. That thou dost love my daughter
from thy soul:

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her
brothers;

265 And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

King Richard. Be not so hasty to confound my
meaning;

I mean that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her queen of England.

Queen Elizabeth. Well then, who dost thou
mean shall be her king?

King Richard. Even he that makes her queen :
who else should be ? 270

Queen Elizabeth. What, thou ?

King Richard. I, even I : what think you of it,
madam ?

Queen Elizabeth. How canst thou woo her ?

King Richard. That I would learn of you,
As being best acquainted with her humor.

Queen Elizabeth. And wilt thou learn of me ?

King Richard. Madam, with all my heart. 275

Queen Elizabeth. Send to her, by the man that
slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave
Edward and York ; then, haply, will she weep :
Therefore present to her—as sometime *Margaret*
Did to thy father, steep'd in *Rutland's* blood,— 280
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.

If this inducement move here not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ; 285
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,
Her uncle *Rivers* ; ay, and for her sake
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt
Anne.

King Richard. You mock me, madam ; this is
not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen Elizabeth. There 's no other way ; 290
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

King Richard. Say that I did all this for love of
her.

Queen Elizabeth. Nay, then indeed she cannot
choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. 295

King Richard. Look, what is done cannot be
now amended ;

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
300 To make amends I 'll give it to your daughter ;
* * * *

A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother ;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood.
* * * *

305 Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,

310 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :

315 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

320 What ! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl :
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times double gain of happiness.

325 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame

Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess
With the sweet, silent hours of marriage joys : 330
And, when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's 'throne ;'
To whom I will retail my conquest won, 335
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen Elizabeth. What were I best to say ? her
father's brother
Would be her lord ? Or shall I say her uncle ?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?
Under what title shall I woo for thee 340
That God, the law, my honor, and her love
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

King Richard. Infer fair England's peace by this
alliance.

Queen Elizabeth. Which she shall purchase with
still-lasting war.

King Richard. Tell her the king, that may com-
mand, entreats. 345

Queen Elizabeth. That at her hands which the
king's King forbids.

King Richard. Say she shall be a high and
mighty queen.

Queen Elizabeth. To wail the title, as her mother
doth.

King Richard. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Queen Elizabeth. But how long shall that title
ever last ?

King Richard. Sweetly in force unto her fair
life's end. 350

Queen Elizabeth. But how long fairly shall her
sweet life last ?

King Richard. As long as heaven and nature
lengthens it.

Queen Elizabeth. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

355 *King Richard.* Say I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Queen Elizabeth. But she, your subject, loathes such sov'reignty.

King Richard. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen Elizabeth. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

King Richard. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

360 *Queen Elizabeth.* Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

King Richard. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Queen Elizabeth. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves!

King Richard. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

365 *Queen Elizabeth.* Harp on it still shall I till heartstrings break.

King Richard. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Queen Elizabeth. Profan'd, dishonor'd, and the third usurp'd.

King Richard. I swear— [no oath.

Queen Elizabeth. By nothing; for this is

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honor;

370 Thy garter, blemish'd, pawned his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

King Richard. Now, by the world—

Queen Elizabeth. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs

King Richard. My father's death—

Queen Elizabeth. Thy life hath that dishonor'd. 375

King Richard. Then, by myself—

Queen Elizabeth. Thyself thyself misus'st

King Richard. Why, then, by Heaven—

Queen Elizabeth. Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,

The unity the king thy brother made

Had not been broken, nor my brother slain. 380

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The imperial metal, circling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;

And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, too tender bedfellows for dust, 385

Thy broken faith had made a prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now ?

King Richard. The time to come.

Queen Elizabeth. That thou hast wrong'd in the
time o'erpast ;

For I myself have many tears to wash

Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee. 390

The children live whose fathers thou hast slaugh-
ter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;

The parents live whose children thou hast butch-
er'd,

Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast 395

Misus'd ere us'd, by times misus'd o'er-past.

King Richard. As I intend to prosper and re-
pent

So thrive I in my dangerous attempt

Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !

Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ! 400

Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !

Be opposite all planets of good-luck

To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

405 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
In her consists my happiness and thine ;
Without her follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :

410 It cannot be avoided but by this ;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her :
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;

415 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Queen Elizabeth. Shall I be tempted of the devil
thus ?

King Richard. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do
good.

420 *Queen Elizabeth.* Shall I forget myself to be my-
self ?

King Richard. Ay, if yourself's remembrance
wrong yourself.

Queen Elizabeth. Yet, thou didst kill my chil-
dren.

King Richard. But in your daughter's womb I
bury them.

Queen Elizabeth. Shall I go win my daughter to
thy will ?

425 *King Richard.* And be a happy mother by the
deed.

Queen Elizabeth. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

King Richard. Bear her my true love's kiss ;
and so farewell.

[*Kissing her.* Exit QUEEN ELIZABETH.]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

How now ! what news ?

430

Ratcliff. Most mighty sovereign, on the western
coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore

Throng many doubtful, hollow-hearted friends,

Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :

'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;

435

And there they hull, expecting but the aid

Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

King Richard. Some light-foot friend post to the
Duke of Norfolk :

Ratcliff, thyself, or *Catesby* ; where is he ?

Catesby. Here, my good lord.

King Richard. *Catesby*, fly to the Duke. 440

Catesby. I will, my lord, with all convenient
haste.

King Richard. *Ratcliff*, come hither : post to
Salisbury ;

When thou com'st thither—

[*To CATESBY.*] Dull, unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Catesby. First, mighty liege, tell me your high-
ness' pleasure,

445

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

King Richard. O, true, good *Catesby* ; bid him
levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Catesby. I go.

[*Exit.* 450

Ratcliff. What, may it please you, shall I do at
Salisbury ?

King Richard. Why, what wouldst thou do
there before I go ?

Ratcliff. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

King Richard. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

455 *Stanley.* None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing ;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

King Richard. Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad !

What need'st thou run so many miles about

When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way ?

460 Once more, what news ?

Stanley. Richmond is on the seas.

King Richard. There let him sink, and be the seas on him !

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there ?

Stanley. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

King Richard. Well, as you guess ?

465 *Stanley.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

King Richard. Is the chair empty ? Is the sword unsway'd ?

Is the king dead ? the empire unpossess'd ?

What heir of York is there alive but we ?

470 And who is England's king but great York's heir ?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the sea ?

Stanley. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

King Richard. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

475 Thou wilt revolt and fly to him I fear.

Stanley. No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me not.

King Richard. Where is thy power then to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

480

Stanley. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

King Richard. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stanley. They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

485

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,

Where and what time your majesty shall please.

King Richard. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:

But I'll not trust you, sir.

Stanley.

Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;

490

I never was, nor never will be, false.

King Richard. Go then, and muster men. But leave behind

Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stanley. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

495

[*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised,

Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,

Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,

With many more confed'rates, are in arms.

500

Enter a second Messenger.

Second Messenger. In Kent, my liege, the Guild-fords are in arms ;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Messenger. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

505 *King Richard.* Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of death ? *[He strikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

Third Messenger. The news I have to tell your majesty

Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd ;
510 And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

King Richard. I cry thee mercy :
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well advisèd friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

515 *Third Messenger.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

Fourth Messenger. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest :
520 Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no ;
Who answer'd him they came from Buckingham

Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne. 525

King Richard. March on, march on, since we
are up in arms ;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is
ta'en ;
That is the best news : that the Earl of Richmond 530
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
Is colder news ; but yet they must be told.

King Richard. Away towards Salisbury ! while
we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost :
Some one take order Buckingham be brought 535
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in LORD STANLEY'S House.*

Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stanley. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this
from me :
That in the sty of the most deadly boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold :
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that holds off my present aid. 5
So, get thee gone ; commend me to thy lord.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?
Christopher. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in
Wales.

Stanley. What men of name resort to him ?

Christopher. Sir Walter Herbert, a renownèd
soldier ; 10

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many other of great name and worth :
15 And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stanley. Return unto thy lord ; commend me to
him :
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
20 These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Salisbury. An open place.*

*Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM,
led to execution.*

Buckingham. Will not King Richard let me
speak with him ?

Sheriff. No, my good lord ; therefore be patient.

Buckingham. Hastings, and Edward's children,
Grey, and Rivers,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
5 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand, corrupted, foul injustice,—
If that your moody, discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !
10 This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not ?

Sheriff. It is, my lord.

Buckingham. Why, then All-Souls' day is my
body's doomsday.

This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
 I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
 False to his children or his wife's allies : 15
 This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
 By the false faith of him I trusted most :
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
 That high All-seer which I dallied with 20
 Hath turn'd my feign'd prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck, 25
 When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sor-
 row,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
 blame. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with drum and colors, RICHMOND, OXFORD,
 SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and
 others, with Forces marching.*

Richmond. Fellows in arms, and my most loving
 friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley 5
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
 trough

- 10 In your embowell'd bosoms—this foul swine
Lies now even in the center of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
- 15 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
Oxford. Every man's conscience is a thousand
swords
To fight against the bloody homicide.
Herbert. I doubt not but his friends will turn
to us.
- 20 *Blunt.* He hath no friends but what are friends
for fear ;
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.
Richmond. All for our vantage. Then, in God's
name, march :
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

*Enter KING RICHARD and Forces ; the DUKE OF
NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and others.*

King Richard. Here pitch our tents, even here
in Bosworth Field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Surrey. My heart is ten times lighter than my
looks.

King Richard. My Lord of Norfolk—

Norfolk. Here, most gracious liege.

5 *King Richard.* Norfolk, we must have knocks ;
ha ! must we not ?

Norfolk. We must both give and take, my loving
lord.

King Richard. Up with my tent ! here will I lie
to-night ;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the KING's tent.*
But where to-morrow ? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath descri'd the number of the foe ?

Norfolk. Six or seven thousand is their utmost
power. 10

King Richard. Why, our battalia trebles that
account :

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent there ! Valiant gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground ; 15
Call for some men of sound direction :
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay ;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND,
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other
Lords. Some of the soldiers pitch RICHMOND's
tent.*

Richmond. The weary sun hath made a golden
set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 20
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent :
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge, 25
And part in just proportion our small strength.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment ;
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 30
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

35 *Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colors much,
Which well I am assur'd I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richmond. If without peril it be possible,
40 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richmond. Good-night, good Captain Blunt.
Come, gentlemen,

45 Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;
In to our tent ; the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,
RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

King Richard. What is't o'clock ?

Catesby. It's supper time, my lord ;
It's nine o'clock.

King Richard. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.

50 What, is my beaver easier than it was ?
And all my armor laid into my tent ?

Catesby. It is, my liege ; and all things are in
readiness.

King Richard. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy
charge ;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

55 *Norfolk.* I go, my lord.

King Richard. Stir with the lark to-morrow,
gentle Norfolk.

Norfolk. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.]

King Richard. Ratcliff!

Ratcliff. My lord!

King Richard. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms. 60
To Stanley's reg'ment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. 65
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Ratcliff. My lord!

King Richard. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord
Northumberland?

Ratcliff. Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself, 70
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.

King Richard. So, I am satisfied. Give me a
bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. 75
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Ratcliff. It is, my lord.

King Richard. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[*KING RICHARD retires into his tent. Exeunt
RATCLIFF and CATESBY.*

*RICHMOND'S tent opens, and discovers him and his
Officers, etc.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm! 80

Richmond. All comfort that the dark night can
afford

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stanley. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,

85 Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
90 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :

95 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love

100 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon ;
God give us leisure for these rites of love !
Once more, adieu :—be valiant, and speed well !

Richmond. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :

105 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory :
Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt officers, etc., with STANLEY.*]

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
110 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
115 That we may praise thee in thy victory !
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still ! [*Sleeps.*

*The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to HENRY
THE SIXTH, rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. [*To King Richard.*] Let me sit heavy on
thy soul to-morrow !

Think how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth 120
At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die !

[*To Richmond.*] Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the
wrong'd souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH rises.

Ghost. [*To King Richard.*] When I was mortal,
my anointed body 125

By thee was punch'd full of deadly holes :
Think on the Tower and me : despair, and die !
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die !

[*To Richmond.* Virtuous and holy, be thou con-
queror !

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king, 130
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep : live, and flourish !

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. [*To King Richard.*] Let me sit heavy on
thy soul to-morrow !

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me, 135
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !

[*To Richmond.*] Thou offspring of the house of
Lancaster,

The wrong'd heirs of York do pray for thee ;
Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise.

140 *Ghost of Rivers.* [To King Richard.] Let me sit
heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! despair, and die !

Ghost of Grey. [To King Richard.] Think upon
Grey, and let thy soul despair !

Ghost of Vaughan. [To King Richard.] Think
upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance : despair, and die !

145 *All.* [To Richmond.] Awake ! and think our
wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. [To King Richard.] Bloody and guilty,
guiltily awake,

And in a bloody battle end thy days ?

Think on Lord Hastings ; and despair, and die !

150 [To Richmond.] Quiet, untroubled soul, awake,
awake !

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. [To King Richard.] Dream on thy
cousins smother'd in the Tower :

Let us be laid within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !

155 Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !

[To Richmond.] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,
and wake in joy ;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !

Live, and beget a happy race of kings !

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE rises.

160 *Ghost.* [To King Richard.] Richard, thy wife,
that wretched Anne thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !
[*To Richmond.*] Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a
quiet sleep ; 165
Dream of success and happy victory !
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. [*To King Richard.*] The first was I that
help'd thee to the crown :
The last was I that felt thy tyranny :
O, in the battle think on Buckingham, 170
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on of bloody deeds and death !
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !
[*To Richmond.*] I died for hope, ere I could lend
thee aid :
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd : 175
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

King Richard. Give me another horse ; bind up
my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me ! 180
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear ? myself ? there 's none else by :
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No ; yes, I am :
Then fly. What, from myself ? Great reason why : 185
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself ?

Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself,
190 For hateful deeds committed by myself?
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
195 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree,
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, *Guilty! guilty!*
200 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me:
And, if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
205 Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Ratcliff. My lord!

King Richard. Who's there?

Ratcliff. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early
village-cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
310 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armor.

King Richard. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
dream!

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

Ratcliff. No doubt, my lord.

King Richard. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear—

Ratcliff. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of
shadows.

215 *King Richard.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-
night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armèd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ;
Under our tents I 'll play the eaves-dropper 220
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.

Enter OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good-morrow, Richmond !

Richmond. Cry mercy, lords and watchful
gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ? 225

Richmond. The sweetest sleep, the fairest-boding
dreams

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought their souls whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried on victory : 230

I promise you my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords ?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richmond. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give
direction. 235

[*He advances to the troops.*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon ; yet remember this :

God and our good cause fight upon our side ; 240

The prayers of holy saints and wrongèd souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces ;

Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win than him they follow.

- For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
245 A bloody tyrant and a homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him;
A base, foul stone, made precious by the foil
250 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
255 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
260 If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
265 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But, if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, bold and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants,*
and Forces.

- 270 *King Richard.* What said Northumberland as
touching Richmond?
Ratcliff. That he was never train'd up in arms.
King Richard. He said the truth: and what
said Surrey then?
Ratcliff. He smil'd and said, *The better for our
purpose.*

King Richard. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is. [Clock strikes.

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.— 275
Who saw the sun to-day?

Ratcliff. Not I, my lord.

King Richard. Then he disdains to shine; for,
by the book

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago :
A black day will it be to somebody.
Ratcliff!

Ratcliff. My lord!

King Richard. The sun will not be seen to-day; 280
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him. 285

Enter NORFOLK

Norfolk. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in
the field.

King Richard. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison
my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be orderèd : 290
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
Our archers shall be placèd in the midst :
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse. 295
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chieftest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st
thou, Norfolk?

- 300 *Norfolk.* A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*]

King Richard. [*Reads.*]

"Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

A thing devised by the enemy.

- 305 Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls :
For conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe :
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
- 310 March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
Remember whom you are to cope withal ;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways,
- 315 A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous
wives,
- 320 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ?
A milksop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
- 325 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-
selves.
- 330 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and
thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? insult our wives?
Ravish our daughters? Hark, I hear their drum. 335

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power? 340

Messenger. My lord, he doth deny to come.

King Richard. Off with his son George's head!

Norfolk. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

King Richard. A thousand hearts are great
within my bosom: 345

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces;
to him CATESBY.*

Catesby. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue,
rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death. 5
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

King Richard. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom
for a horse !

Catesby. Withdraw, my lord, I 'll help you to a
horse.

King Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon a
cast,

10 And I will stand the hazard of the die :
I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter, from opposite sides, KING RICHARD and RICHMOND ; they fight and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter RICHMOND and STANLEY, bearing the crown, and divers other Lords and Forces.

Richmond. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stanley. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou
acquitt thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurp'd royalty,

5 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off to grace thy brows withal :
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richmond. Great God of heaven, say *Amen* to
all !

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

10 *Stanley.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester
town ;

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw
us.

Richmond. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stanley. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richmond. Inter their bodies as becomes their births :

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled 15
That in submission will return to us :
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, 20
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not *Amen* ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son, 25
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire ;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house, 30
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair, prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord, 35
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's
peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again ; 40
That she may long live here, God say *Amen* !

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS.—A.S. — Anglo-Saxon; M.E. — Middle English (from the 13th to the 15th century); Fr. — French; Ger. — German; Gr. — Greek; Cf. — compare (Lat. *confer*); *Abbott* refers to the excellent *Shakespearean Grammar* of Dr. Abbott; *Schmidt*, to Dr. Schmidt's invaluable *Shakespeare-Lexicon*.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1.

2. Sun of York, in allusion to the cognizance of Edward IV. —a blazing sun, adopted by him in memory of the three suns which appeared the day before the battle of Mortimer's Cross, fought in 1461.

6. The helmet which Henry V. wore at Agincourt still hangs over his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

7. Alarums, calls to arms, as by beat of drum, or trumpet call. Italian *all'arme*, to arms! from Lat. *ad illa arma*, to those arms! to your arms!

8. Measures, grave and formal dances.

10. Barbéd, armed and harnessed. The word is a corruption of *barded*, through Fr., from Lat. *bardatus*.

11. Fearful, full of fear. It is now used only in an *active* sense, as causing fear.

12. He, war, personified as a soldier.—Capers, dances or leaps like a goat. Lat. *capra*, a she-goat.

13. Lute, a stringed musical instrument, somewhat like a guitar.

18. Proportion, form or shape.

19. Feature, the whole outward form.

21. Made up, finished, completed.

22. Unfashionable, an adverb. Sometimes when two adverbs are joined together by *and*, the *-ly* of the one is omitted, the one termination serving for both. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 224: "Good gentlemen, look *fresh* and merrily."

24. Piping time. The tabor and the pipe were emblems of peace, as opposed to the drum and the fife, emblems of war.

27. *Descant*, to comment. The word was originally a musical term, and was applied to a variation upon the plain song, or simple melody.

29. *Entertain*, to pass agreeably.

32. *Inductions*, the beginnings of mischief.

33. *Libels*, defamatory writings. M.E. *libel*, a brief piece of writing, from Lat. *libellus*, a little book, a notice.

36. As true and just, and therefore the less suspicious of foul play on my part.

38. *Mew'd up*, shut up, imprisoned. The word *mew* (Old Fr. *mue*, from Lat. *mutare*, to change) meant originally a moulting-place, a cage for hawks while *mewing* or moulting. Cf. Chaucer's *Squieres Tale* (line 643): "And by hir beddes heed she made a *newe*."

39. *Prophecy*. Some have reported, that the cause of this noble mans death rose of a foolish prophesie, which was, that after K. Edward one should reigne, whose first letter of his name should be a G. Wherewith the king and queene were sore troubled, and began to concealue a greuous grudge against this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end. And as the diuell is woont to incumber the minds of men which delite in such diuelish fantasies, they said afterward, that that prophesie lost not his effect, when after king Edward Gloucester vsurped his kingdome. (*Holinshed*.)

49. *Belike*, probably.

55. *Cross-row*, the alphabet, so named because a cross was formerly placed at the beginning, called also *Christ-cross-row*.

58. *For* — because.

60. *Toys*, idle fancies, foolish causes.

62. *This it is*, this is the consequence.

64. *My Lady Grey*. Elizabeth Woodville, the widow of Sir John Grey, who was killed at the second battle of St. Albans, in 1461. Edward IV. married her in 1464.

66. *Worship*, dignity.

67. *Anthony Woodville*, Earl Rivers, the patron of Caxton. The line is thus scanned, according to Abbott:

A'nthon | y Woôd | (e) vîlle | her brôth | er thére.

72. *Heralds*, messengers. Old Fr. *heralt*, a word of Teutonic origin; Old Ger. *herolt* (modern Ger. *herold*), for *hari-wald*, army strength, a name for a warrior; *hart* (modern Ger. *heer*), an army, and *walt, wald* (modern Ger. *ge-walt*), strength.

73. *Mistress Shore*, the celebrated mistress of Edward IV. Her husband, whom she deserted for the king, was a wealthy London merchant. After the death of her royal paramour, she fell into great poverty and distress, and, according to tradition, died miserably in a ditch, known ever after as *Shoreditch*.

77. Chamberlain. Lord Hastings was created Lord Chamberlain by Edward IV. soon after his coronation. He had been imprisoned in the Tower for a short time during Edward's reign, by the instigation of the queen's family.

78. Our way, our best course.

80. Livery, the distinctive dress worn by retainers or servants, so called because *delivered* or given out at regular periods. Fr. *livrée*, past participle of *livrer*, to deliver, from Lat. *liberare*, to set free, give freely.

81. O'er-worn, worn-out, faded. The queen, however, was now (1471) only thirty-four years of age, five years older than the king.

83. Gossip, a term conveying a sense of contempt. The word meant originally a sponsor at baptism, and from signifying those who were associated in the festivities of a christening, it came to denote generally those who were accustomed to make merry together. M.E. *gossib*, also *godsib*, related in God, from *God*, God, and *sib*, related. The word *sib* is still current in Scotland in the sense of related.

88. An 't, if it.

89. Partake, share in the hearing of.

92. Well strúck in years, well advanced in years. A.-S. *strícan*, to go, proceed, past tense *strác*, past participle *strícen*. The scansion is somewhat difficult. *Year* is sometimes sounded as a dissyllable.

Well strúck | in yé | ars, fá | tr ánd | not jeálous.

But the first and second folios have *jealous*, and the word is often written thus by Elizabethan authors. Thus the line would scan:—

Well strúck | in yéars | fáir ánd | not jéal | ióus.

94. Passing, exceedingly, an adverb. This line is a perfect Alexandrine, and is thus scanned:

A chér | ry líp, | a bón | ny éye, | a páss | ing pléas | ing
ton'gue.

99. Naught, from A.-S. *náwiht*, also *naht*, made up of *ná*, not and *wiht*, a whit. Its derivative *naught-y* means literally naught-like, therefore worthless, bad.

100. The phrases *I were best*, *thou were best*, *he were best*, are due to an old impersonal idiom: *me were liefer* — it would be most pleasant to me, *me were loth*, *him were better*, etc.

106. Abjécts, the most despicable of her subjects. Other words in Shakespeare in which the accent is nearer the end than with us, are *aspéct*, *commérce*, *consórt*, *édíct*, *envy'*, (verb), *obdúrate*, *porténts*, *recórds* (noun), etc.

107. I will unto the king. This ellipsis of the verb of motion after *will* or *is*, is very common; see in the present play, I. i. 146; II. iv. 66; III. ii. 31; IV. iv. 6; V. iii. 46. See Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, sect. 405.

115. Lie, lie in prison, either in your stead, or as a consequence of my exertions in your behalf.

118. An allusion to the old proverb, "*Patience, perforce* is medicine to a mad dog."

122. Good time of day, a common form of salutation.

131. Prevail'd — had influence.

137. Fear — fear for him.

139. Diet — the whole method of life.

145. George, the Duke of Clarence.—Posthorse, used as an emblem for swiftness.

147. Steel'd, strengthened or supported.

152. The youngest daughter of the Earl of Warwick was Anne, who was married, perhaps merely betrothed, to Edward, son of Henry VI. She is incorrectly spoken of as the eldest daughter in *Henry VI., Part III.*, III. iii. 242.

153. Shakespeare follows the traditional account, which makes it Richard who stabbed to death the young prince after the battle of Tewksbury, and in *Henry VI., Part III.*, V. v. 39, he is represented as actually murdering him. In I. iv. 56, it is ascribed to Clarence on the best authority—that of the ghost of the murdered man. Richard does not mean to claim that he killed Warwick actually with his own hand at the battle of Barnet, but that, as he led the vanguard of King Edward's army, and had the principal share of the battle, the great kingmaker's death was indirectly due to him.

156. The which. *Which* being an adjective, frequently accompanies the repeated antecedent, where definiteness is desired, or where care must be taken to select the right antecedent. This repetition is more common with the definite *the which*. Cf. *Henry IV., Part I.*, V. iv. 121: "The better part of valor is discretion; in *the which* better part I have saved my life."

157. Referring to his design upon the crown, but it is difficult to understand how his marriage with Anne could help him in this ambition.

It might, however, procure him a share in the immense estates of the lady's father, Richard Neville, the great Earl of Warwick, known in history as the "king-maker," the "setter-up and puller-down of kings," as Shakespeare puts it.

SCENE 2.

The interview between Lady Anne and Richard in this scene over the dead body of Henry VI. is wholly imaginary.

2. **May** — can. *May* (A.-S. *magan*) originally meant to be able, and a trace of this meaning exists in the noun *might*, which means ability. — **Hearse**, M.E. *herse*, through Old Fr. *herce* (modern *herse*), a harrow, a frame, from Lat. *hirpe*, a harrow. The original sense was a triangular harrow, then a triangular frame for supporting lights at a church service, especially at a funeral, then a funeral-pageant, a bier, a carriage for a dead body.

3. **Obsequiously**, in the character of a mourner.

5. **Key-cold**, as cold as a key, used of dead bodies. The coldness of a key is proverbial, and a popular schoolboy remedy for bleeding at the nose still is to put a key down the back, the coldness being supposed to check the flowing of the blood.

8. **Invoke** — invoke.

12. **Windows**, the wounds in his body.

13. **Helpless**, affording no help, unavailing.

16. **The blood** — the passion or angry disposition.

17. **Hap**, chance.

22. **Prodigious**, portentous.

25. **Unhappiness**, power of rendering unhappy.

28. **Thee** refers to the body of King Henry.

31. **Still**, constantly.

32. **Whiles**, an obsolete form of *while*.

40. **Halberd**, a battle-axe fixed to a long pole. Old Fr. *halebarde*, from Old Ger. *helmbarte*, later *helenbarte* (Modern Ger. *hellebarte*), made up of Old Ger. *halm*, a handle, or *helve*, and *parta* (Ger. *barte*), an axe.

42. **Spurn upon thee**, kick thee. Usually with *against* or *at*.

49. **Curst**, shrewish.

52. **Exclaims**, exclamations. Other words used similarly as nouns by Shakespeare without the suffixes, are *solicit*, *consult*, *expect*, *depart*, *dispose*, *repine*, *retire*, *impose*, *appear*, *manage*, etc.

56. Other words than *congeal'd* used by Shakespeare, with the accent nearer the beginning than with us, are *Complete*, *conceal'd*, *conduct*, *confessor*, *delectable*, *distinct*, *forlorn*, *humane*, *mature*, *plébeian*, *pursuit*, *relapse*, *secure*, etc.

It was formerly a universal belief that the wounds of a murdered person began to bleed afresh in the presence of the murderer; and it was actually urged, so late as 1688, in the High Court of Judiciary at Edinburgh, in a case of patricide, as an evidence of guilt. Brand quotes from King James's *Dæmonology* the following pertinent passage: "In a secret murder, if the dead carcase be at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer, it will gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to heaven for the revenge of the murtherer."

Shakespeare has closely followed Holinshed's account of the funeral of Henry VI. "The dead corps on the Ascension euen was conueled with bills and glaues pompouslie (if you will call that a funerall pompe) from the Tower to the church of Saint Paule, and there laide on a beire or coffin bare faced, the same in presence of the beholders did bleed; where it rested the space of one whole daie. From thence he was carried to the Black-friers, and bled there likewise; and on the next daie after it was conueled in a boat, without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saleng, vnto the monasterie of Chertsele, distant from London fiftene miles, and there was it first buried: but after, it was remooued to Windesore, and there in a new vawt, newlie intoomed."

58. *Exhales*, draws forth.

64. *Either* is a monosyllable here; similarly *further*, *hither*, *neither*, *whether*, etc.

65. Quick, alive. Numbers 16: 30. M.E. *quik*, from A.-S. *cwic*.

70. *Thou* here implies anger and contempt. *Thou* in Shakespeare's time was very much like *du* now among the Germans, the pronoun of (1) affection towards friends, (2) good-humored superiority to servants, and (3) contempt or anger to strangers.

71. But, immediately preceded by a subject, often *excludes* the subject from the succeeding relative clause.

76. The *v* is dropped in *evil*, and the word thus made monosyllable.

78. *Defus'd infection* — shapeless plague. The phrase is coined as a kind of parody upon *divine perfection*.

92. In *Henry VI., Part III.*, V. 5, the three brothers, Edward, Richard, and Clarence all stab the young prince, but Edward is the first to strike.

96. *Bend* — point against.

102. Shakespeare follows Sir Thomas More, in making Richard the actual slayer of Henry VI.

108. *Help* — helped. A.-S. *helpan*, *healp*, *holpen*.

117. *Effect*, explained by Schmidt as efficient cause, the abstract being put for the concrete. Wright notes that it is difficult, in such a quibbling dialogue, to attach very strict meanings to the words employed. He adds, that cause and effect would seem to be used as a comprehensive phrase to denote the whole of any action from beginning to end, and Anne perhaps means to imply that the murder of Henry and his son was altogether the work of Richard, who was both prompter and executioner.

126. Both, both day and life.

145. *Basilisk's*. *Basilisk* (Gr. *basileus*, king), a name given to the serpent—the sight of which was supposed to be fatal

to man—because of a white spot on its head resembling a diadem.

152. Edmund, Earl of Rutland, "pretty Rutland," the boy-brother of Edward and Richard, was brutally killed by Lord Clifford after the battle of Wakefield.

155. Richard, Duke of York, was killed by Clifford at the close of the battle of Wakefield, and his head crowned in mockery with a paper crown, and fixed on the gates of York.

157. That, so that.

163. Smoothing, flattering.

164. Fee, reward.

207. Presently, instantly.—Crosby Place, or Crosby House, the residence of Gloucester in London.

229.—

Having Góð | her cón | science, and | these bárs | against me.

232. One could have wagered the whole world against nothing, that I would not be successful in winning her.

236. Fought May 4, 1471.

238. Prodigality, profusion, excessive liberality.

244. Moiety, half.

246. My dukedom bet against a beggar's denier. This was the smallest possible coin—the one-twelfth part of a sou.

249. Proper, handsome.

250. At charges for, at the expense of.

251. Entertain, engage.

253. In — into.

SCENE 3.

1. Majesty. Pronounced as a dissyllable.

6. Betide, become.

16. Miscarry, if any harm happen to the king.

17. Stanley was created Earl of Derby after the battle of Bosworth Field.

20. Countess Richmond, the mother of Henry VII., was a grand-daughter of John of Gaunt. She married Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who was the son of Henry V.'s widow by her marriage with Owen Tudor. The Countess next married Lord Henry Stafford, uncle of the Duke of Buckingham of our play, and for her third husband, the Lord Stanley of the play, afterwards created Earl of Derby.

31. But now, just now.

36. Atonement, at-onement, reconciliation.

46. Dissentious, apt to breed discord, seditious.

48. Cog, to cheat.

49. Duck, bow. There are many allusions in the literature of Shakespeare's time to the affectation of imitating French manners.—Apish, imitative.

53. Jacks, paltry fellows.

61. Lewd, base. The word originally meant merely ignorant, hence lay, belonging to the laity.

64. Else, a superfluous word.

65-68. The fact that the king guesses at your hatred makes him send. The participle with a nominative, originally intended to be absolute, has been diverted into a subject. The grammar is hopelessly wrong.

82. Noble, a gold coin, worth 6s. 8d. The pun here is very obvious.

83. Careful, full of care.

89. Suspects, suspicions.

102. I wis — certainly. M.E. *ywis, twis*, (A.-S. *gewis*, certain, used also as an adverb), often written *Iwis, I-wis*. In the A.-S. *gewis*, the *ge-* is a mere prefix, the adjective *wis*, certain, is allied to *wise* and *wit*. This prefix is seen in *yclept*, and appears as *e-* in *enough*, and *a-* in *aware*. (*Skeat*.)

117. Pains, exertions, laborious services.

121. Shakespeare here, as elsewhere throughout the play, has disregarded the facts of history, for Richard was only eight years old in 1460, when Edward first became king.

130. The second battle of St. Albans, fought in 1461, called Margaret's battle, because the queen was victorious in it, and in order to distinguish it from the first battle of St. Albans, fought in 1455, in which Henry VI. was defeated.

135. Clarence was Warwick's son-in-law, having married the king-maker's elder daughter, Isabel.

142. Childish-foolish. Adjectives were freely compounded by Shakespeare, the first being considered as a kind of adverb qualifying the second. Thus, *sudden-bold*, *daring-hardy*, *crafty-sick*, *senseless-obstinate*, *deep-contemplative*, *strange-suspicious*, etc.

144. Cacodemon, evil spirit. This pedantic word occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare.

157. Patient is a trisyllable, as *patience* in line 246.

159. Pill'd, plundered.

163. Gentle is of course applied ironically.

164. What mak'st thou? what dost thou?

167. After Tewksbury, Margaret was confined in the Tower. Was ransomed thence in 1475, and died in '82. Her introduction into this scene is an anachronism.

191-194. Had the curse which York laid upon me then so much effect with Heaven that everything I have lost since that time put together can count even now as only a bare recompense for the murder of a silly child?

212. The superfluous pronoun inserted after the object, as here, is not so common as after a proper name when it is the subject.

217. Heaven, used as a plural. See *them*, in line 219.

222. Begnaw. The prefix *be-* is intensive here.

228. Elvish-mark'd, marked and disfigured by malignant fairies.—Abortive, monstrous, unnatural.—Rooting, turning up the ground as swine do. The allusion here is to the white boar, which was the cognizance of Richard.

230. Slave of Nature. Nature from his very birth had stamped upon him the brand with which slaves were marked.

239. Painted, counterfeit, unreal.—Flourish, a mere empty shadow, representing what I was in reality.

240. Bottled, big-bellied, bloated.

244. Bunch-back'd, hunchbacked.

253. Malapert, saucy.

254. Fire-new, new as if from the fire, brand-new. The title of Marquis of Dorset was granted in 1475 to Thomas Grey, the queen's eldest son by her first husband.

262. Aery, the brood of an eagle or hawk; also an eagle's nest. Fr. *aire*, through Low Lat. *area*, from the Teutonic, as in Icelandic, *ari*, an eagle. When the word was fairly imported into English, it was ingeniously connected with the M. E. *ey*, an egg, as if the word meant an egg-ery; hence it came to be spelt *eyrie* or *eyry*, and to be misinterpreted accordingly. (*Skeat.*)

265. My son. Margaret quibbles upon words even in such a highly excited state of mind.

311. Pronounce marry as a monosyllable.

312. Frank'd, shut up as in a *frank*, or pig-sty.—To fatting, with a view to fattening.

315. Scathe, harm.

323. Set abroad, set agoing Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. 3: "Who *set* this ancient quarrel new *abroad*?" The prefix *a-* is used before nouns and adjectives, and participles used as nouns; and as the prefix in composition with participles and adjectives. Cf. *abed*, *athirst*, *alive*; *agoing*; *ahanging*, *acold*; and *afraid*, *athirst*, *anhungred*. *Broach* is now used only as a verb, but this instance is due to older substantive usage.

328. Beweep. The prefix *be-* gives a kind of transitive significance to a verb that would of itself require a preposition. Similarly, *begnaw*, *behowl*, *bespeak*, etc.—Gulls, dupes.

332. A Piece of Scripture, a quotation from the Bible.

335. Odd old ends, detached quotations with no particular appropriateness.

338. Mates, fellows, implying familiarity and condescension.—Resolvèd, resolute.

347. If you mark him, if you pay attention to him.

SCENE 4.

1. Heavily, sadly.

4. Faithful, as opposed to infidel or faithless.

5. Such a night. The *a* is inserted pleonastically here.

9. Methought. The reading of the folios is *methoughts*, the *s* having been incorrectly added to assimilate the termination to that of *methinks*.

27. Unvalued, invaluable.

37. To yield the ghost, to die.—Envious, malignant, spiteful.

40. Bulk, body.

45. The melancholy flood is the river Styx, which flows seven times round the infernal regions.

46. Ferryman. Charon, whose task it is to convey in his boat the shades of the dead across the rivers of the lower world.

55. Fleeting, inconstant.

71. In me, on me.

80. Instead of the dreams they form but never realize.

94. Guiltless, innocent of, ignorant of.

119. Tell, count. A.-S. *tellan*, to number, *taln*, a number, narrative. Allied words are Dutch *taal*, speech; Icelandic *tal*, speech; German *zahl*, number.

141. Shamefast, modest. The word is now spelt shame-faced by a singular confusion with *face*, due to the fact that shame is commonly indicated by the face.

151. Insinuate, to meddle with.

155. Tall, stout, spirited.

158. Take him — strike him.—Costard, a slang expression for the head.

160. According to Holinshed (*Edward IV.*, p. 346, 1808 ed.), "finallie the duke was cast into the Tower, and therewith adjudged for a traitor, and priuillie drowned in a butt of malmesie."

166-176. The uses of *thou* and *you* may be seen very clearly in this passage. *Thou* is the customary address from superiors to inferiors, and is expressive, besides, of any excitement or sensibility, of familiar tenderness as well as of anger; of reverence as well as of contempt. Thus the constant address of Venus to Adonis in Shakespeare's poem is *thou*; of Adonis to Venus, *you*.

193. Evidence — the witnesses.

194. Quest, inquest or jury.

197. Convict, convicted.

215. Forswearing, perjury.

220. Unrip means simply to cut open.

220. Dear, used often as a kind of emphatic adjective, the sense being, in so great a degree.

229. For you the quartos read *ye*. *Ye* was originally the nominative form; *you*, the accusative. This distinction, though observed in our version of the Bible, was disregarded in the usage of Elizabethan writers.

234. Gallant-springing, putting forth the promise of beauty like buds opening in the Spring.

235. Novice, one new to anything, just entering on life.

236. This is love for my brother.

238. Provoke, impel.

253. Millstones. *To weep millstones* was a common proverb—not to weep at all, to remain hard and unfeeling as a stone.—Lesson'd, taught. Any noun or adjective, can be converted into a verb by the Elizabethan writers, generally in an active signification.

255. The reference is to Proverbs, 26: 1: "As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so honor is not seemly for a fool." The first murderer understands *kind* in the sense of *natural* or *foolish*.

259. Labor, bring about.

263. Turning as he speaks to the second murderer.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE 1.

3. Embassy, message.

5. Part, depart.

8. Dissemble, do not cover your hatred by a false show of friendship.

11. The *so* here is conditional, and expresses that his swearing true love is the condition on which his thriving depends.

18. Exempt, excepted.

30. Embracements, embraces.

34. But . . . doth, and doth not.

44. Period, consummation.

51. Swelling with passion.

66. Lord Rivers was the title of Anthony Woodville, the queen's brother.—Lord Grey, or rather, Sir Richard Grey, was the queen's second son by her first husband.

74. Compounded, composed, settled amicably.

78. Flouted, mocked, befooled.

88. Mercury, the son of Jupiter and Maia, was the ancient messenger of the gods. He was furnished with wings to add to his speed.

90. Too lag, too slowly. *Lag* is a word of Celtic origin, but is ultimately cognate with *lax* and *languish*.

91-92. The reference is no doubt to the queen's family.

94. Current, generally received as free from.
 99. Forfeit, the remission of the forfeit.
 117. Thin, thinly clad.—Numb-cold, making benumbed with cold.
 120. Supply *as before to put*.
 129. Beholding, beholden, indebted. Shakespeare often uses *-ing* as if it was equivalent to *-en*, the old affix of the passive participle.
 133. Closet, a private room. Cf. Matt. 6: 6. Old Fr. *closet*, diminutive of *clos*, an inclosed place, from Lat. *clausus*, past participle of *claudo*, I shut.

SCENE 2.

Clarence left two children, a boy and a girl. The boy, known as Earl of Warwick, was kept perpetually in prison, and was executed by Henry VII. in 1499. The girl became Countess of Salisbury, but perished at the block in 1541.

8. Cousins, grandchildren.
 18. Incapable, not able to understand.
 28. Visor, a mask. Properly, it was the front part of a helmet covering the face, perforated and movable, so as to see through.
 34-35. To wail . . . weep . . . chide . . . torment, from walling, etc.
 38. Impatience, to be pronounced in four syllables.
 51. Mirrors, two glasses which reflected his likeness. These refer to Edward and Clarence.
 66. Lamentation. Pronounced as a word of five syllables.
 68-71. Reduce, bring back, as into the ocean. In this extravagant figure the queen wishes herself a sea into which all the springs empty themselves, so that her eyes, under the influence of the tide-controlling moon, can express her grief with floods of tears sufficient to drown the whole world.
 81. There is a reference here to the ancient English method of dividing the land, part of which was parceled out among individuals, and the rest was held in common by the community.
 94. Opposite, on hostile terms.
 110. Butt-end, the largest end.
 112. Cloudy, sorrowful.
 117. Broken rancor, the breaches caused by your rancor.
 113. Splinter'd, bound up with splints like a broken limb.
 129. Please. An instance of the subjunctive used indefinitely after a relative.
 144. Censures, opinions.

148. Sort occasion, arrange an opportunity.
 149. Index, introduction, the index being placed at the beginning of the book.
 151. Consistory, court of assembly.

SCENE 3.

2. Promise, assure.
 4. By 'r lady, that is, by the Holy Virgin.—Seldom comes the better, a proverb meaning good news is scarce. *The* here is the ablative of the demonstrative, and signifies with comparatives the measure of excess or defect. *The* sooner the better — *by how much* the sooner *by so much* the better, Lat. *quo citius, eo melius*.
 11. See Ecclesiastes 10: 16.
 13. Nonage, minority.
 18. God wot, God knows. *Wot* is the third person singular present indicative of the verb. M. E. infinitive *witen*; present tense (1) *I wot*, (2) *thou wost* (later *wottest*, (3) *he wot* (later *wotteth*), plural *witen*; past tense, *I wiste*; past participle, *wist*. The A.-S. infinitive is *witan*; present (1) *ic wat*, (2) *thū wāst*, (3) *he wāt*, plural *witon*; past, *wiste* (also *wisse*), plural *wiston*; past participle, *wist*. Gerund, *tō witanne* (modern English, *to wit*).
 21. Virtuous uncles, the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester.
 30. Solace, enjoy comfort.
 39. Cannot . . . almost — can hardly. *Almost* frequently follows the word which it qualifies.

SCENE 4.

1. This archbishop was Thomas Rotherham, Lord Chancellor of England, afterwards created a cardinal.
 23. Had been remembered — had remembered.
 24. Flout, a jibe or mocking jest.
 35. Parlous, dangerous, a corruption of *perilous*.—Shrewd, sharp-tongued.
 46. Can seems here to have its original meaning of *know*.
 47. Why perhaps refers to the past cause: for what to the future object.
 51. Jet and *jut* are the same in origin, and signify to project, to encroach upon.
 52. Aweless, inspiring no awe.
 61. Over blown, quite blown aside.
 66. The Sanctuary was in the precincts of Westminster Abbey.
 72. Tender, to regard with kindness.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

1. Chamber. London was anciently called *Camera regis*, the King's Chamber.

2. Cousin means (1) the son or daughter of an uncle or aunt; (2) any kinsman or kinswoman, as nephew, uncle, niece, grandchild (II. ii. 8; II. iv. 9); (3) a title applied by princes to other princes and distinguished noblemen.

9. Of — as regards, concerning.

11. Jumpeth, agrees.

31. Peevish, silly, childish.

82. Cardinal. The unaccented *i* in the middle of this word is dropped in reading. Thomas Bouchier was created Archbishop of Canterbury in 1454, and cardinal in 1464.

46-47. Weigh this action against the violent practices of these times, and it cannot be considered as a breach of sanctuary; or, Weigh it by the same standard with which actions are weighed in this gross age, and it cannot be looked upon as a breach of sanctuary.

66. Supply *where it before shall be thought*.

68. Of any place, of all places I dislike the Tower most. This is due to a confusion of two constructions: I dislike the Tower *more than any place*, and *most of all places*. This is a Greek idiom, but occurs pretty frequently in Shakespeare.

69. It was supposed that Julius Cæsar built the Tower, as well as the castles of Dover, Rochester, and Salisbury.

71. Re-edified, rebuilt, the word in its primary meaning.

79. The saying is ascribed to Cato the Censor: For (saith hee) youth resembling age is an undoubted signe of untimely death, or short life.

82. Formal vice, the conventional vice of the old dramas. In the old moralities, there was always one character bearing the name of some vice, sometimes of Iniquity itself. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with asses' ears, a long coat, and a dagger of lath; and he was always accompanied by the devil, whom he belabored with his dagger, but was ultimately carried off by him to hell. His principal business was to make the audience laugh, and his chief device to this end was to play upon the double meaning of words.

94. Lightly — usually.

155. Capable, able.

179. Divided councils, besides the public council held in the Tower, there was a private one at Crosby-place.

185. Mistress Shore. According to Hall, Hastings took her for his mistress after the king's death.

192. Complots, conspiracies.

195. Earldom of Hereford. Buckingham claimed this as his inheritance, but could never obtain it in King Edward's time.

SCENE 2.

10. Rasèd, struck.—Helm, helmet.

24. Instance, motive.

52. Voice, vote.

69. Bridge, London Bridge, on which the heads of executed traitors were exposed.

74. Rood, the cross or crucifix placed in every church. The same word as *rod*, which is shortened from M.E. *rood*. A.-S. *rôd*, a gallows, a cross, properly a rod, or pole.

88. The day is spent. Yet the scene opens at four in the morning (line 5).

89. Have with you — come along.

105. Gramercy — thanks! From Fr. *grand merci*, much thanks.

108. Sir John. The title Sir was applied to such priests as had taken the degree of bachelor at a university.

109. Exercise, an exposition of Scripture.

110. Content, pay, satisfy.

113. Your honor has no occasion to be making your shrift, or last confession.

SCENE 3.

7. Limit, the assigned period.

10. Closure, compass.

17. Margaret did not curse Buckingham.

23. Expiate, terminated.

SCENE 4.

2. Determine of — decide about.

5. Wants. This is more probably intransitive than impersonal; — is wanting.

8. Inward, intimate.

24. Neglect, cause to be neglected.

28. Upon your cue. The last few words of a speech, by which an actor knows when his part is coming, are called his cue. Fr. *queue*, a tail.

31. The Bishop of Ely was John Morton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Sir Thomas More, in early life, was a member of his household, and no doubt learned from his lips many of the incidents told in his *Life of Richard III.*

34. Marry and will — and so I will.

45. Prolong'd, put off.

55. Likelihood, sign from which any inference could be drawn.

56. Marry — indeed, to be sure. This exclamation is derived from the name of the Virgin Mary.

70. Consorted, allied, associated.

80. Fond, foolish.

83. My foot-cloth horse — my horse with its housings or trappings. The foot-cloth was the name given to such trappings, or caparison, of a horse as hung down near the ground and were used only by the nobility.

88. Triumphant — triumphant.

94. Shrift, last confession.

95. Momentary grace, favor lasting but for a moment.

97. Cf. our phrase *to build castles in the air*.

SCENE 5.

4. Distraught — distracted.

8. Intending — pretending.

11. Grace my stratagems, to set off my schemes.

13. The Mayor of London at this time, according to Hall, was Edmund Shaw, brother of the Doctor Shaw of line 102.

21. Ratcliff was at Pomfret at this time, conducting the execution of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

24. Dear — dearly.

25. Plainest harmless; either the plainest, (the most) harmless creature, or *plainest-harmless* is to be taken as a compound word, like *sudden-bold*, *fertile-fresh*, *crafty-sick*, etc.; *plainest* being regarded as an adverb.

30-32. That, overlooking the single exception of his manifest guilt, in his intercourse with Shore's wife, he lived free from all stain of suspicion.—Guilt in line 30 is in the nominative absolute.—From — free from.

33. Covert'st, most secret.

54-55. But now the loving haste of these our friends, somewhat against our own intentions, has prevented this.

61. Put a wrong construction on our dealings with him, and lament his death.

63. As — as if.

69. Of our intent, for our purposes.

73. In all post, in all haste, as a post or messenger.

74. Meetest vantage, most favorable opportunity.

75. Infer, use as an argument.

78. Hall tells the story of one Burdet, a merchant in Cheap-side, at the sign of the *Crown*, and how his unfortunate jest cost him his life.

83. Listed, desired.

84. For a need, in case of necessity.

86. *Insatiate*, not to be satisfied.—The Duke of York succeeded the Duke of Bedford as regent of France.

90. His lineaments, Edward's features.

97. *Baynard's Castle*. This was a residence of Richard, and was situated on the north bank of the Thames.

102-3. *Doctor Shaw*. . . . *Friar Penker*. These were both popular preachers of the day. "They were," says Holinshed, "both doctors of divinitie, both great preachers, both of more learning than vertue, of more fame than learning."

105. To take some secret measures.

106. *Brats*, originally a rag, clout, especially a child's bib or apron; hence, in contempt, a child. A Celtic word. Clarence's son was imprisoned both by Richard and Henry VII., and ultimately beheaded by the latter; his daughter married Sir Richard de la Pole, and was the mother of Cardinal Pole. She was created Countess of Salisbury by Henry VIII., but was sent to the block at the age of seventy by that vindictive king, in answer to her son's treatise, *De Unitate Ecclesiastica*.

SCENE 6.

2. *Set*, regular.

3. *Paul's*, at St. Paul's Cross, where there was a kind of pulpit erected, from which the people were often addressed.

4. *Sequel*, that which follows.

7. *Precedent*, the original draft.

9. *Untainted*, not stained by any charge. Cf. *attainder*, III. v. 32.

10. *Gross*, dull of perception.

14. When this ill-doing must be seen only in thought, not spoken of.

SCENE 7.

2. *Mum*, silent.

4. *Lady Lucy*. This was Dame Elizabeth Lucy, Lady Eleanor Butler, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom it was alleged the king had been betrothed before his marriage with the widow of Sir John Grey. The evidence of this pre-contract rested on the single testimony of Robert Stillington, Bishop of Bath and Wells. The story has been generally discredited by historians.

Under the canon law, betrothal was as binding as matrimony, and could not be set aside without a dispensation. Bulls of divorce were often procured from Rome even by the party that had done the wrong, dissolving a marriage that had endured for years, on the ground of a pre-contract with another person. It will be remembered that it was upon this ground that Henry VIII., before putting

Anne Boleyn to death, caused his marriage with her to be pronounced invalid by reason of a previous contract on her part with Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

5. The Earl of Warwick had been dispatched to France to bring about a marriage with Bona, the French king's sister, but in his absence the fickle king fell in love with and hastily married Sir John Grey's widow. This public affront put upon him, caused the proud king-maker to abandon the Yorkist side. See *Henry VI., Part III.*, III. iii.

12. Idea, image.

14. Richard commanded in Scotland in 1482.

24. Statuas, statues, a trisyllable. — Breathing stones, stones endowed with life, but speechless.

29. The recorder is the keeper of the rolls in a city. At this time the recorder of London was Thomas Fitzwilliam.

44. Intend, put on, counterfelt.

45. Be not you spoken with except after great entreaty.

47. Churchmen, ecclesiastics.

48. For I shall make that circumstance the ground of a discourse on Richard's piety. — Ground here is the plain-song, or theme, the *déscant* the variations upon it.

54. Leads, the flat roof covered with lead.

55. I dance attendance, I am kept waiting to be admitted.

61. Divinely — devoutly.

67. Importing, concerning.

75. Engross, pamper, fatten.

80. God defend — God forbid. Fr. *defendre* has the same meaning.

92. Beads, the little stringed balls of the rosary, so called because used in counting the number of prayers. M.E. *bede* — A.S. *bed*, a prayer, *biddan*, to pray. The same word appears in *bead-roll* and *beads-man*.

96. Fall, a defection from virtue, sin.

111. Diagracious, unpleasing. *Dis-* is used for *un-*, in sense of without.

115. If I be not ready to amend my faults, for what purpose do I live in a Christian land?

124. Doth want — is without, lacks.

126. Her royal stock impregnated with base elements from the outside. — Graft is participle of verb to *graft* — to make an incision into a tree or plant, and insert in it a small branch of another, to insert as a scion.

127. Shoulder'd, pushed violently, with a view to supplant; or, sunk to the shoulders.

129. Re-cure, to heal again.

133. Factor, agent.

135. Empery, empire, dominion.

143. If not to answer best fitted the occasion.

147. If to reprove best fitted the occasion.

149. I check'd for I should have checked, a simpler and earlier subjunctive form, identical with the indicative form used for the subjunctive. Abbott notes, "If it be asked, what is the difference between *checked* here and *would have checked* I should say that the simple form of the subjunctive, coinciding in sound with the indicative, implied to an Elizabethan more of *inevitability* (subject, of course, to a condition which is not fulfilled). The possibility is regarded as an *unfulfilled fact*, to speak paradoxically." See Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, sect. 361.

150. To speak . . . to avoid . . . to incur. This is hardly the infinitive, but the gerund in *e*, and the *to* here corresponds to the Lat. *ad*, with the gerund denoting a purpose.

154. Unmeritable, devoid of merit.

156. Even, plain, smooth.

157. Ripe revenue, the possession quite mature and ready for me to occupy.

161. To brook, capable of enduring.

162-163. I had rather hide myself from greatness than seek to be crushed under the load of a greatness forced upon me.

165. I lack many qualities necessary in helping you, were my help needed.

167. Stealing, gliding quietly onwards.

174. Respects, reasons or motives.—Nice, fanciful.

180. Substitute, deputy, proxy.

183. A many. The indefinite article was often inserted before a numeral adjective, to show that the objects enumerated are regarded collectively as *one*. Thus we still say *a score*, *a fo(u)r(teen)night*. The *a* in *a many sons* is perhaps thus to be explained. Some, however, explain *a many* by reference to the old noun *many*, *a many men* for *a many (of) men*. And the word is thus used: "*A many of our bodies*" (*Henry V.*, IV. iii. 95). Nor can it be denied that in Early English, *of* is often omitted in such phrases as *every maner wyght* (Chaucer, *Squieres Tale*, 329), just as in German we have *diese Art Mensch*. Dr. Abbott (sect. 87) sums up the question by stating that probably both the constructions above mentioned are required to explain this use of *a*. Thus *a hundred men* is for *a hundred (of) men*; but in *a twelvemonth*, *a fortnight*, *twelve* and *fourteen* are not regarded as simple nouns, but are used adjectively in the compounds.

The queen had only three children by Sir John Grey.

186. Purchase, booty. The word is used for acquisition of any kind, and by any means.

187. Pitch, elevation, height. This was the word used to denote the height to which a falcon soars.

188. Declension, deterioration.—Bigamy. Wright notes that marriage with a widow was regarded as bigamy by the canon law. Shakespeare here closely follows More, as copied by Hall. The king's mother, the Dowager Duchess of York, who was strongly opposed to her son's marriage with Elizabeth Grey, urged this as an argument against it. 'The onely widowed of dame Elizabeth Grey (although she were in all other pointes and thynges conuenient for you) should suffice as me thynketh to refrain you from her marriage, and it is an vnfitting thyng and a greate blemishe to the sacred maiestie of a prince, that ought as nere to approche priesthode in clenness as he doeth in dignitie, to be defiled with bigamy in his first marriage.' (Hall's *Chronicle, Edward V.*, p. 366).

191. Expostulate, set forth in full.

209. As — for so.

210. Remorse, pity, tenderness of heart.

212. Estates, ranks.

231. Acquittance, acquit.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE 1.

1. Niece, here — granddaughter, as nephew — grandson.

15. Patience, indulgence, leave.

24. Sights. The plural is frequently used in designating an attribute shared by more than one.

25. On my peril, on my own risk.

42. Richmond was now in Brittany.

45. Thrall, slave. This is originally a Scandinavian word, cognate with the Old High German *drigil*, a serf, literally runner. The same root appears in Gothic *thragjan*, A.-S. *threagian*, to run, as well as in the Greek *treichen*, to run. The ordinary derivation of *thrall* from A.-S. *thyrlian*, to drill, from the practice of boring the ear of a slave, in token of servitude (Exodus 21: 6), is an impossibility.

49. My son. Lord Stanley had married Lady Margaret, and was therefore Richmond's stepfather.

51. Ta'en tardy, found lingering.

52. Ill-dispersing, causing friends to separate.

54. Cockatrice, the same as the basilisk. See note to I. ii. 145. The name is due to the belief that it sprung from a cock's egg.

58. Inclusive, encircling.

59. Round, surround.

60. Rebels or regicides were sometimes, in the middle ages, punished by having a circle of red-hot iron put upon the

head. In 1514, the peasants of Hungary, led by George and Luke Dosa, rose against the nobles. George, when taken, was punished by being seated upon a red-hot iron throne, with a red-hot crown and scepter. This is alluded to by Goldsmith in his *Traveller*, line 436: "Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel," though it is the wrong brother whom he makes to suffer the torment.

64. To feed my humor, do not, in order to lessen my grief, wish harm to yourself.

79. Grossly, stupidly.

93.—

Go thod | to *sánctua* | ry and | good thoughts | posséss thee.

95. Eighty-odd years. The Duchess was actually about seventy at this time. She survived until 1495.

96. Teen, sorrow. A.-S. *teōna*, injury.

SCENE 2.

8. Touch, the touchstone used to test the genuineness or purity of any metal which has the appearance of gold. The purity of the metal is judged-of from the streak which it leaves upon the stone, as compared with the streak made by the touch-needle, which is of pure gold. The stone is an extremely compact siliceous schist, almost as close as flint, and is known also as Black Jasper and Basanite.

15. Consequence, something that must follow, a necessary or inevitable event.

15-16. The bitter consequence lay in the fact that Edward lived as the true, noble prince—to quote Buckingham's words with another meaning in them.

27. This is mentioned by Hall as a habit of Richard's. When he stode musing he would byte and chew besely his nether lippe, as who sayd, that his fyerce nature in hys cruell body alwaies chafed, sturred and was ever vnquiete.

28. Iron-witted, unfeeling, insensible.

30. Considerate, thoughtful, observant, the opposite of unrespective.

35. Close, secret.

42. Witty, quick-witted, clever.

55. The boy is foolish. Edward, son of Clarence, was imprisoned by Richard III. in Sheriff Hutton Castle. Was removed by Henry VII. to the Tower. Beheaded in 1499. Imprisonment and lack of education made him idiotic. But he was not yet foolish.

58. About it; for it is very important for me.

64. Pluck on, draw on.

73. Deal upon, act with.

79. No more but so, that is, to carry out Richard's whispered instructions.

98. Peevish, silly, thoughtless.

104. Richard visited Exeter in the first year of his reign. This incident is mentioned by Holinshed. "And during his abode here he went about the cite and viewed the seat of the same, and at length he came to the castell: and when he vnderstood that it was called Rugemont, suddenlie he fell into a dumpe and (as one astonied) said: Well, I see my daies be not long. He spake this of a prophesie told him, that when he came once to Richmond, he should not live long after."

114. Jack, the figure which struck the hour upon the bell in old clocks.—Keep'at the stroke, keepest on striking.

117. Resolve, answer.

SCENE 3.

2. Arch, chief (in wickedness).

6. Flesh'd villains, hardened in villainy. To flesh a dog was to reward him with a portion of the first game which he killed.

18. Replenishèd, perfect.

19. Prime, first.

30. It was generally supposed that Tyrrel ordered the two princes to be buried at the foot of the stairs leading to the chamber in which they were murdered. During some repairs in 1674, the workmen discovered about ten feet deep, under a staircase in the White Tower, the bones of two boys of about twelve years of age, which were supposed to be those of the two princes. The bones were interred in Westminster Abbey, by order of Charles II.

31. At after-supper. *After-supper* may be a prepositional compound (like *after-noon*), meaning the slighter repast which followed the more substantial meal; or *at after* may merely be equivalent to *after*, as clearly in Chaucer's *Squieres Tale*, 302: "At-after soper goth this noble king."

38. Abraham's bosom, a euphemism for *the grave*. Cf. Luke 16: 22.

40. Breton, because he had fled for refuge to Brittany.

46. Bishop of Ely, who was kept in the custody of Buckingham at Brecknock, but made his escape to Richmond. He was afterwards made Archbishop of Canterbury.

50. Rash-levied, hastily collected.

51. Fearful commenting, timid reasoning.

51-55. Timid thoughts are accompanied by tardy movements and indolent delay; delay brings along with it weakness and ruin, therefore let my policy be one of fiery enterprise and fierce dispatch.

56. My counsel is my shield, I do not deliberate, but fight.

SCENE 4.

1. Mellow, ripen.
3. Confines, districts.
5. Induction, beginning.
6. Consequence, the sequel.
15. Right for right, measure for measure, a just punishment for an offense against justice.
20. Quit, pay or compensate for.
21. A dying debt, a debt of death.
- 28-29. These lines the duchess addresses to herself.
36. Seniory, priority from age.
37. Let my griefs exceed yours.
40. Edward, her son, young Prince Edward, murdered after the battle of Tewksbury.
41. Henry, Henry VI., her husband.
- 42-43. These lines are addressed to Queen Elizabeth. Edward and Richard Duke of York were the two murdered princes.
44. Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward IV., Clarence, and Richard III.
45. Rutland. See I. ii. 152, and note.
53. Galled, sore with weeping.
56. Carnal, flesh-devouring.
58. Pew-fellow, companion, literally one who sits in the same pew at church.
63. Thy Edward—Edward IV.—My Edward, Prince Edward, who was killed at Tewksbury.
64. Thy other Edward, the young prince, Edward V.
65. York, the young murdered Duke of York, brother of the prince, Edward V.—But boot, but something thrown into the bargain. *Boot* literally means addition. A.-S. *bōt*, profit, ultimately from the same root as *better*. It is still preserved in the adjective *bootless*. The phrase *to boot* means in addition.
71. Intelligencer, agent or go-between.
72. Their, the plural for the singular.
75. Lines with four accents are sometimes found as here, where several short clauses or epithets are connected together in one line, and pronounced slowly.
77. Cf. *Macbeth*, III. ii. 49:

“Cancel and tear in pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale.”
84. Presentation, the mere semblance.
85. Flattering, deluding with vain hopes.—Index, the prelude, or introduction to.—Pageant, a show or spectacle.
86. A-high, on high. The adjective being here considered as a noun, is preceded by *a*, which represents the A.-S. *on*, on, as in *a-bed*, among, etc.

89. Garish, gaudy, showy.

97. Decline, run through from first to last, as one would a list of grammatical inflections.

98-101. For—instead of.

101. Caitiff, a wretch. Old Fr. *cattif* (modern Fr. *chétif*), from Lat. *captivus*, from *capio*, *capere*, to take.

108. To torture, the infinitive expressing purpose.—The more; *the* here is not the article, but the old demonstrative — *by that* the more. See note to II. iii. 4.—Being what thou art. Supply *thou* in the nominative absolute before *being*.

111. My burden'd yoke, the yoke which is a burden to me.

127. Windy attorneys, etc. (words) windy representatives or substitutes for silent woes.

128. Airy succeders of joys that have perished and left nothing behind.

135. Be copious in exclams, be plentiful in your reproaches.

151. Entreat me fair, use me well.

157. A touch of your condition, a dash of your temper.

168. Tetchy, irritable.

170. Thy prime of manhood, thy early manhood.

171. Thy age confirm'd, thy full manhood.

172. Kind, that is, in appearance.

180. Humphrey Hour. This passage, as Schmidt observes, has not yet been satisfactorily explained. The phrase *to dine with Duke Humphrey* was a common expression for going without one's dinner, and originated, according to Nares, in the following manner: Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, though really buried at St. Albans, was supposed to have a monument in old St. Paul's, from which one part of the church was termed Duke Humphrey's Walk. In this, as the church was then a place of the most public resort, they who had no means of procuring a dinner frequently loitered about, probably in hopes of meeting with an invitation, but under pretense of looking at the monuments.

Hunter says that, as Humphrey was Duke of Gloster, Richard intends some reference to the hour of his own birth, when his mother was, as it were, delivered from fasting with the duke.—Forth of, away from.

193-198. In these lines, *tire* (193), necessarily subjunctive, impresses on the reader that the co-ordinate verbs *fight* (195), *whisper* (197), and *promise* (198), are also subjunctive. This aptative use of the subjunctive, dispensing with *let*, *may*, etc., gives great vigor to the Shakespearean line (*Abbott*, sect. 365).

207. Level, aim.

222. Unavoided, unavoidable.

227. Cozen'd, cheated. The play upon the words is explained by the etymology. To *cozen* is to act as *cousin* or kinsman, to sponge upon, to beguile.

234. Still, constant.

238. Tackling, cordage.—Reft, bereft.

241. Success, issue, result.

248. Type, image.

252. Demise, bequeath.

254. Withal, follows its object, but is (on account of the *all* at the end of the previous verse) not placed at the end of this sentence.

255. Lethe, the river in the lower world from which the shades drank, and thus obtained forgetfulness of the past.

259. Telling, a-telling, or in telling.—Date, time of duration.

263–265. From, away from, apart from.

268.—

And méan | to make | her quéen | of E'ng | (e)lánd.

297. Shall deal, cannot help dealing.

298. The original relative was *that*. *Who* and *what* were interrogatives, the former being the form for the masculine and feminine alike, the latter for the neuter. *Which* (A.-S. *hwilc*, *hwelc*, short for *hwitlic*, literally *why-like*; *hwit* being the instrumental case of *hwa*, who, and *lic* the adjective *like*) was also used interrogatively. *Which*, *whose*, and *whom* occur as relatives as early as the end of the twelfth century, but *who* as a relative is not found, according to Dr. Morris, before the fourteenth century. Dr. Abbott notes that if Wicliffe's version of the *New Testament* be compared with the versions of the sixteenth century and with that of 1611, *that* in the former will be found replaced by *which* and *who* in the latter, *who* being especially common in the latest, the Authorized Version.

304. Mettle, disposition.

322. Orient, shining: properly Eastern, as pearls came first from the East.

323. Advantaging, making up for.

345. That, object of *entreats*.

364. The puns deprive the conversation of all appearance of genuine feeling.

366. The George and Garter were insignia of the Order of the Garter, but the former was not added until the time of Henry VII. The George is a figure of St. George, the patron saint of England, in the act of killing the dragon. The Garter is worn on the left leg, and is inscribed with the motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

369. His, its. *His* is much more common in Shakespeare than *its*, which, indeed, was just coming into use in the great dramatist's time. He uses it only about ten times. *Its* does not occur in the Bible of 1611 (which has *it* where

modern editions have *its* in Leviticus 25: 5), nor in Spenser, is found only thrice in Milton's verse, and is not common until the time of Dryden.

392. Youth, in apposition with *children*.

405. Tender, regard not.

417. Peevish-fond, childishly foolish.

428.—

I go, | write to | me vé | ry shórt | (e) ly.

429. Elizabeth was not won over in a single interview, but she did consent that her daughter might marry Richard. Some think, however, that she feigned acquiescence and so outwitted Richard. Her daughter's hand was already pledged to Richmond, and the mother knew the whole plot for seating Richmond on the throne.

432. Puissant, powerful.

436. Hull, float without use of sails.

454. Richard's inconsistent orders reveal the agitation of his mind.

462. White-liver'd runagate, cowardly vagabond. The liver was considered to be the seat of courage. *Runagate* is a corruption of M.E. *renegat*, a renegade, apostate, through Fr. from Lat. *renegatus*, *renegare*; *re*, again, and *negare*, to deny. The corruption in the form of the word was due to a mistaken identity on the analogy of *run-a-way* with *runne a gate*—run on the road, be a vagabond. (*Skeat*.)

467. Chair, the throne.—Sword, the sword of state.

474. Welshman. Richmond was the grandson of Owen Tudor.

498. This is found in Hall. The Courtneys, however, were not brothers, but cousins.

502. Competitors, confederates.—Every, a trisyllable.

505. The owl's cry was supposed to be a portent of death.

516. Sir Thomas Lovel was afterwards Treasurer of the Household to Henry VII.

531. Richmond landed at Milford, August 7, 1485.

584. Royal battle, a battle on which a kingdom depends.

SCENE 5.

1. Sir Christopher Urswick was the confidential chaplain of Margaret. He afterwards became Dean of York.

8. Frank'd, shut up.

11. Sir William Stanley, brother of Thomas, Lord Stanley.

12. Oxford, John de Vere, Earl of Oxford.—Pembroke, Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, uncle of Richmond.

20. Resolve, assure.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE 1.

4. Holy. Henry VI., though never canonized, was popularly considered as a saint. See Wordsworth's sonnet, *Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge*: "Tax not the royal saint with vain expense."

10. All-Soul's day: the day on which supplications are made for all souls by the Roman Church, the 2d of November.

13. See II. i. 32-40.

19. Determin'd respite, the fixed term to which the wrongs done by me have been limited.

25. See I. iii. 297-299.

SCENE 2.

2. Bruis'd, crushed.

7. Boar, Richard, from his cognizance.

9. Swills, greedily drinks.—Wash, the drink given to hogs from washed dishes.

13. Tamworth is about fifteen miles from Bosworth.

21. Dearest need, greatest need.

SCENE 3.

8. All's one for that, no matter for that.

9. Descri'd, observed.

11. Battalia, host, army.—Account, reckoning.

12. Proverbs 18: 10: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower."

15. Vantage, the points of advantage.

16. Sound direction, skill in planning military movements.

20. Track, course. Helios, the god of the sun, rose in the morning, in the east, out of the ocean; traversed the heavens in a flaming car, drawn by four horses; and descended in the evening into the darkness of the ocean in the west.

21. A bright sky at sunset is supposed to portend a fine one on the morrow.

25. Limit, appoint.—Several, particular.

26. Part, divide.

29. Keeps, remains with.

50. Beaver — the helmet. It meant etymologically only the front part of the helmet, that part which lets down to enable the wearer to drink. Lat. *bibere*, to drink.

60. Pursuivant, an attendant upon a herald.

64. Watch, a watch-light, a candle marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning

65. White Surrey. Hall mentions Richard's great white courser.

66. My staves, the shafts of my lances.

69. Richard applies the term *melancholy* to Northumberland, because he knew he was only half-hearted in the cause.

71. Cock-shut time, twilight; from the time when the *cock-shut*, that is, a large net used to catch woodcocks, used to be spread.

82. Father-in-law, stepfather.

87. Flaky, breaking up into flakes, through which the light is beginning to appear.

89. Prepare your army in the order of battle.

91. Mortal-staring, staring fatally on its victims.

93. I will give as little help as I can to Richard during the battle.

96. Tender George was at this time a married man. But Shakespeare followed the chroniclers, Hall and Holinshed.

98. Leisure, the time at our command.—Fearful, causing fear.

106. Peise, weigh.

111. Bruising irons of wrath, the heavy iron maces wielded in battle.

125. Anointed, consecrated by unction at his coronation.

133. Fulsome, nauseous.

136. Fall — let fall.

152. Cousins, nephews. See II. ii. 8; III. i. 2, and note on the latter passage.

174. I died for wishing well to you, before I could give thee aid.

181. The lights burn blue. This is invariable when spirits are present.

196. Us'd, committed.

200. Shall — will.

213. Proof, in armor there is proof against weapons.

230. Cried on, uttered the cry of.

237. Enforcement, constraint.

242. Except, excepted. *Except* here is a passive participle.

247. Made means, contrived means.

248. To help, of helping.

249. A worthless stone, rendered valuable only by its setting—the throne of England.—Foil, a bright colored leaf (Lat. *folium*, leaf) of metal on which a jewel is placed to set it off; hence, anything serving to give luster to another thing.

253. Ward, guard, defend.

257. Fat, wealth, means.

261. Quit, requite.

264-265, As for me, if I fail in my bold attempt, the atonement for my boldness shall be my death.

275. Tell, count.

279. Brav'd, made brave, that is, splendid, glorious.

280. Scan (*Abbott*):

Ratellif!

My lord!

The sūn | will nót | be seén | to-dáy.

287. Bustle, be active.—Caparison, put on his trappings.

291. Foreward, vanguard.

298. Wingèd, supported on the wings.

302. According to Hall, "The nyghte before he shoulde set forwarde towarde the kynge, one wrote on his gate:

"Iack of Norffolke, be not to bolde,

For Dykon thy maister is bought and solde."

312. Inferred, mentioned.

314. Sort, a pack.

315. Scum, refuse.—Lackey, servile.

316. O'er-cloyed, filled beyond satiety with them.

320. Restrain, keep from us.—Distain, stain, defile.

321. Paltry, contemptible.

322. At our mother's cost. This should be at our brother's cost. The speech closely follows Hall's *Chronicle*, where find the following passage: "And to begyn with the earle of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh mylkesoppe, a man of small courage and lesse experience in marcyall actes and feates of war, brought up by my brother's means and myne, like a captiue in a close cage, in the court of Fraunces duke of Britaine." Holinshed copied from Hall, and in his second edition, by a printer's error, "brother's" was changed into "mother's," and Shakespeare, having this edition in his hands, perpetuated the error. The brother in question was Richard's brother-in-law, Charles, Duke of Burgundy; who maintained Richmond at the court of Francis, Duke of Brittany, in a kind of honorable custody.

323. Milksop, an effeminate fellow.

326. Overweening rage, presumptuous beggars.

332. Bobb'd, drubbed.

339. Fright the skies with the splintering of your lances.

—Welkin, A.-S. *wolcnu*, clouds, plural of *wolcen*, a cloud.

341. Deny, refuse.

343. Spleen, anger, as the spleen was supposed to be the seat of that passion.

SCENE 4.

7. Wright notes that in the old play of *The True Tragedy of King Richard the Third* almost the only line having anything in common with Shakespeare is Richard's exclamation, "A horse, a horse, a fresh horse."

9. Cast, a throw of the dice.

10. Hazard, the thing risked.

11. Be is often used for *are* when some notion of doubt is involved, as in questions, and after verbs of thinking.

SCENE 5.

4. Royalty, emblem of royalty, the crown.

9. Scan (*Abbott*):

But tell | me, ' | is young | George Stán | ley living?

The pause after *me* will explain the division.

13-14. Great license is taken with the meter, whenever a list of names occurs.

18. Ta'en the sacrament, sworn on the sacrament to do.

23. Scarr'd, given herself scars or wounds.

35. Abate, dull or blunt.

36. Reduce, bring back.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

A.

1. Whence did Shakespeare derive the materials for this play? Does it differ anywhere from known historical facts?

2. Paraphrase, pointing out all allusions and grammatical peculiarities, and explaining fully:

- (a) The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

—I. iii. 68-69.

- (b) Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!

—II. ii. 66-70.

3. Explain the following phrases: *This sun of York*; *piping time of peace*; *descant on mine own deformity*; *I will unto the king*; *defus'd infection of a man*; *frank'd up to fattening*; *too childish-foolish*; *and yet to win her, all the world to nothing*; *elvish-mark'd*; *unvalued jewels*; *duck with French nods*; *lewd complaints*; *for Clarence is well-spoken*; *the melancholy flood*; *grim ferryman which poets write of*; *your eyes drop millstones*; *by'r lady*; *seldom comes the better*; *to set abroach*; *key-cold*; *stall'd*.

4. In what sense are the following words used : *Inductions*; *gossips*; *cacodemon*; *basilisk's*; *costard*; *obsequiously*; *to jet*; *parlous*; *beholding*; *closet*; *visor*; *cousin*; *aery*; *malapert*; *timeless*; *exclaims*; *heralds*; *cross-row*.

5. Illustrate from this play that some words were accented in Shakespeare's time nearer the beginning, and others nearer the end, than in modern usage.

6. Give the etymology of *alarum*; *caper*; *mew'd*; *herald*; *livery*; *hearse*; *gossip*; *naught*; *halberd*; *lewd*; *aery*; *shamefast*; *closet*.

B.

1. Contrast the character of Richard with that of Iago, and with that of Edmund in *King Lear*.

2. Illustrate from the play the Elizabethan use of *thou* and *you*.

3. Rewrite, in your own words, the following passages, with brief notes where required; assign each passage to its proper speaker, and give a brief account of the context of each :

- (a) You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
—III. i. 44-47.

- (b) Know not whe'r to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
—III. vii. 140-149.

4. Explain the grammatical peculiarities of the words italicized in the following: *The which* will I; *I wis* your

grandam had a better match; God *he* knows; I do not like the Tower, *of any place*; they are, and *wants* but nomination; mother to *a many* sons; hear *me* a word; men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes, *which* after-hours give leisure to repent; thy garter, blemish'd, (hath) pawn'd *his* knightly virtue; and, if I die, no soul *shall* pity me; God *wot*; I think there *be* six Richmonds in the field.

5. Give the etymology of *rood*; *brat*; *beads*; *thrall*; *caitiff*; *teen*; *boot*; *garish*; *gramercy*; *cozen*; *runagate*; *welkin*.

6. Explain the allusions in the following passages:—

(a) Their woes are *parcell'd*, mine are general. —II. ii. 81.

(b) Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your *chamber*.
—III. i. 1.

(c) *Prince*. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without *characters* fame lives long.

Thus, like the *formal vice*, Iniquity,
I *moralize* two meanings in one word. —III. i. 80-83.

(d) For they account his head upon the *bridge*. —III. ii. 69.

C.

1. Give some account of the early editions of this play, and state at what period of his literary life Shakespeare wrote it, and what influences held most control over him at that time.

2. What use has the poet made of rhyme in this play?

3. Explain the allusions in the following passages, particularly the words italicized:

(a) *Had* you not come *upon your cue*, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part.
—III. iv. 28-27.

(b) O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and *ominous* to noble peers. —III. iii. 8-9.

(c) What! think you we are *Turks*, or infidels? —III. v. 41.

(d) *Glo*. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with *Lady Lucy*,
And his contract *by deputy in France*. —III. vii. 3-5.

- (e) Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*. —IV. ii. 8.
- (f) *Buck*. Why let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the stroke
 Betwixt thy begging and my meditation. —IV. ii. 113-115.
- (g) There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?—IV. iv. 461-462.
- (h) Why, then, *All-Souls' Day* is my body's doomsday.—V. i. 12.
- (i) I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms. —V. iii. 92-94.
- (j) A base, foul stone, made precious by the *foil*
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set. —V. iii. 249-250.
- (k) And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost. —V. iii. 321-322.

4. In what sense are the following words used: *Lightly*; *expiate*; *limit*; *foot-cloth horse*; *day-bed*; *visitation*; *empury*; *thrall*; *pitch*; *cockatrice*; *pill'd*; *pelse*; *fire-new*; *at after-supper*; *but boot*; *index*; *garish*; *Humphrey Hour*; *attorney*; *Lethe*; *orient*; *cock-shut time*; *a watch*; *welkin*.

5. Give some account of the history of the relative pronoun in English.

6. Enumerate the whole series of the crimes ascribed to Richard by the dramatist, and discuss the probability of his guilt in each particular.

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